The Outlook

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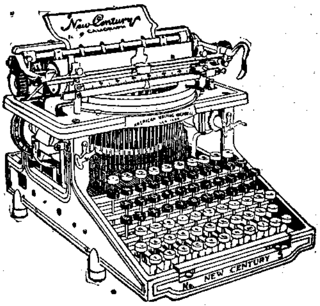

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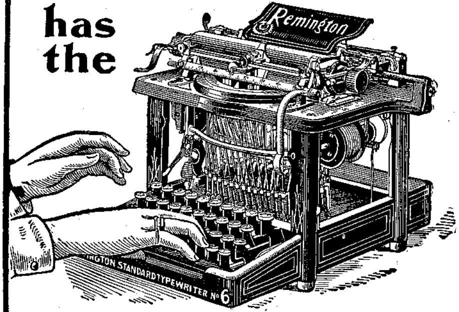

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The Outlook

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The Steel Strike Arbitration Rejected

Last week there were signs that the Steel Trust was making slow but steady progress in resuming work. At least its claims of gains were not, until Saturday, offset by counter claims on the part of the strikers. Public interest centered largely in the efforts to secure arbitration, and the readiness of the strikers to accept this mode of settlement was generally taken as a confession of physical weakness quite as much as a profession of moral strength. The Civic Federation Committee's work to bring about arbitration came to an end without the Committee's enlightening the public as to where the responsibility for the conflict should be laid. The effort of President Burns, of the Window-Glass Workers' Association, to secure arbitration had at least the tangible result of showing the public just what was offered on the part of the workmen and rejected on the part of the corporation. The arbitration proposal submitted was, on the whole, a well-drafted and reasonable document. In order to avoid violent disagreements within the proposed board, it suggested that Bishop Potter should be asked to serve as labor's representative, and President Low or Archbishop Ireland as the representative of capital, and that these two members of the board of arbitration be asked to agree upon the third, who should have the casting vote in case of a division. The only stipulation in the proposal to which objection could have been made—if the Trust was willing to accept the judgment of an impartial committee—was that both sides should submit to the board all books and papers demanded. The proposal, however, was rejected without any official statement of the Trust's reason for rejecting it. Certain papers favorable to the Trust reported that it would not arbitrate unless the Amalgamated Association would incorporate, so as to be liable to suits for damages in case it did not fulfill its contracts. Respecting this suggestion President Shaffer stated that he had no objection to the incorporation of his union, though such a step would require authorization by a National convention. Apparently the fear of litigation—in which labor so rarely wins victories—has made the great body of trades-unions prefer to remain unincorporated. The Knights of Labor is reported to be one of the few exceptions to this rule. President Burns, of the Window-Glass Workers—who is now the General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor—does not yet despair of the final acceptance of arbitration. It looks, however, as if the only argument that would bring the Trust to accept this method of settlement would be some new exhibition of power on the part of the union, such as would demonstrate that arbitration would be, to the Trust as well as the workmen and the public, the least costly method of ending the strike. Near the close of the week one of the labor papers in Pittsburg published a violent arraignment of President Shaffer for mismanagement of the affairs of the union, but whether this arraignment will influence labor circles is not yet clear. Its excessive violence may be thought to justify President Shaffer for treating it with contempt. On Saturday the union made the one demonstration of its power, and it was perhaps the most remarkable of the entire strike. At Duquesne, where for years no man has been allowed to join a union, a committee of employees in the open-hearth department notified the foreman Friday evening not to recharge the furnaces, as the men were going on strike at the end of the turn. After hurried consultations, the officials of the mill decided to make wholesale discharges of the men suspected of unionism, and over thirty employees were marched out of the mills under the escort of policemen, not being allowed to talk to their fellow-workmen on the way. By this drastic action the company claims to have stemmed the tide of unionism, but the unionists claim that it has merely widened the circle of their sympathizers.

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The English Working Week

There was an outstanding instance in the recent session of Parliament of what the English industrial classes are occasionally able to accomplish through the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise. The length of the working week in the great Lancashire cotton trade is regulated by the factory code. Only the hours of women and children are fixed by law; but as factories cannot continue at work longer than the women and children can be employed, the effect of the law has been to limit also the hours during which men in the cotton trade can work. Since 1874 the working week has been fifty-six and a half hours; and the working hours have been uniformly so arranged that the work in the mills ceases at one o'clock on Saturday. In all other industries, however, work for many years past has ceased on that day at noon; and the cotton-mill workpeople have felt it a grievance that their Saturday half-holiday began an hour later. The cotton manufacturers have always worked their plants to the full limit allowed by law; and they have been hostile to any movement to curtail the hours worked on Saturday. In view of this attitude of the employers, the workpeople turned to Parliament for help. At the last general election they demanded pledges from Parliamentary candidates in favor of the twelve o'clock movement. Many of these pledges were given, and during the recent session, when the factory code was undergoing revision, one of the Lancashire members, in committee, carried a clause compelling cotton manufacturers to close their factories at noon on Saturday. In committee the Government resolutely opposed the change. They opposed it again when the bill came up for third reading. The cotton manufacturers also lobbied industriously against the clause, and presented a petition to the House in which the most direful results were predicted if the working week were shortened by an hour. Government whips were sent out in opposition to the clause. But on a division it was carried by 163 votes to 141, and the Lancashire cotton-mill workpeople achieved one of the most signal political victories in the history of industrial England. They owe their success to their adequate organization, and to the fact that in the industrial constituencies of England no member of the House of Commons can nowadays hope for re-election who stands in opposition to the demands of any large body of his electors. Lancashire is represented in the House of Commons chiefly by Tories; but on this question members were more careful for their good standing with their constituents than for the credit of the Government, which on questions of general policy they so steadfastly support.

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The Campaign for Reform in New York City

There is little time left for the selection of a candidate and the formulating of issues which shall unite all anti-Tammany voters in New York City at the election next November. During the summer the indications have been rather favorable that the different parties and factions opposed to Tammany might succeed in laying aside National party prejudices and local jealousies and select a candidate for Mayor who should stand singly and strongly on the platform of municipal reform, and should be supported aggressively by honest Republicans and honest Democrats alike. There are, naturally, difficulties in the selection of a candidate, because, however earnestly it may be agreed that partisan politics shall be kept out of the campaign, that phase will nevertheless constantly present itself. The Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union, it is understood, has selected six names of possible candidates to be presented at the fall meeting of the Conference Committee, which will have taken place before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. These names have not been announced, but it is generally reported that they are as follows: George Foster Peabody (Independent Democrat), Seth Low (Independent Republican), George L. Rives (Independent Democrat), F. Norton Goddard (Independent Republican), John De Witt Warner (Independent Democrat), and Bird S. Coler (Democrat). Hardly any one well acquainted with New York men and affairs would question the fact that from this number it would be hard to choose any name which would not meet the approval of citizens bound on overthrowing the misrule and corrupt government now existing in New York. The difficulty is in choosing that name which will best unite varying elements and make the practical chances for success strong. The situation will develop materially, without doubt, within the next two or three weeks. We now merely record the fact that an honest, non-partisan movement is in the field, and that only by such a movement can there exist any possibility of overthrowing Tammany.

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Criminal Collusion Meanwhile, evidence accumulates constantly of the criminal collusion between the police and the vicious elements. Justice Jerome, District Attorney Philbin, Mr. Moss, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and others are following up vigorously the various disclosures made this summer. The sensational scene last week when a police officer on trial before Deputy Commissioner Devery turned upon him with an outspoken denunciation of the system of paying for transfers from one post to another by policemen may not result in an indictment, but it was intensely significant, for when the men on the post begin to rebel against extortion by the heads of the police force, it is certain that the latter are in danger. The prosecution of Fire Commissioner Scannell promises to bring out important evidence of the selling of official favors by Tammany office-holders. It is charged, among other things, that the Fire Department would accept purchases only when the companies which wished to sell the city goods paid extortionate commissions; and in one case it is specifically alleged that Commissioner Scannell's brother was taken into a hose-manufacturing company in order to influence sales; that he contributed $1,200 to a club controlled by Commissioner Scannell, and immediately thereafter sold a large bill of goods to the city; that he paid a commission of $1,000 to Richard Croker's nephew, and again sold several thousand feet of hose to the city; that he paid another large commission, and a third time sold the city a large bill of goods. This is only one instance of many allegations made about the indirect extortion of commissions and bribes by which it is believed that the officers of the Fire Department profited. In one case, even, bids were asked by name for a brand of hose which did not exist, in order that only those who had registered the trade-mark could bid for the contract.

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Organized Reaction in Wisconsin A majority of the Republican legislators in Wisconsin—a majority made up almost to a man of those who voted against redeeming the party's pledge to establish direct primaries, and fought all efforts to tax corporate property at the same rate as private property—met last month in Milwaukee to organize opposition to the renomination of Governor La Follette and the reaffirmation of the platform for which he stands. After holding a secret session, this singularly convened majority of the Legislature issued an address to the Republicans of Wisconsin, warning them that the party "is upon the verge of a crisis which can only be averted by organized effort on the part of all Republicans who consider party welfare above personal ambition." The cause of the threatened crisis, the address continues, is "the persistent effort to strengthen the executive at the expense of the legislative department of the State," and the address goes on to urge that the two departments have co-ordinate functions, and that neither can constitutionally be subordinated to the other. No charge is made that Governor La Follette used the offices at his disposal to bribe legislators into supporting his policy, and the coercion which he is charged with using seems to have been exerted through his boldly avowed determination to hold every department of the Government subordinate to the expressed will of the people. Fortunately, the Wisconsin exchanges indicate that the people of the State comprehend the forces which have organized the opposition to the Governor and his programme. The center of the opposition is recognized to be the Milwaukee street railway magnate who bought the "Sentinel" and converted it from an advocate into an opponent of direct primaries. The moneyed interest back of the opposition is recognized to be the interest of the railroad corporations in escaping their share of taxation. Says the Madison "Journal:"

> The opposition is not spontaneous, acute, significant. It is factitious—manufactured. A few men have vast interests to save from just taxation, and they are spending their money freely and using their newspapers without pretense to secure a Legislature that will prove amenable. If Pfisterism is approved by this State, good-by tax reform, good-by increased taxation of corporations; all hail franchise favors—all hail to every form of encroachment on the people desired by railroad, telegraph, telephone, and street railway interests. This is what an era of reorganization of the party from Mr. Pfister's offices means, and everybody knows it. The men who are lending honored names to this movement are pawns in the hands of masters. Governor La Follette has shortcomings, but they do not threaten the best interests of the average taxpayer and citizen as would the enthronement of Mr. Pfister and his associates.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, met with the opposition of the same interests, and the votes directly controlled by these interests were cast against him. But in the election in which these votes were thus cast, Governor Pingree's majority exceeded by ten thousand the enormous total given to President McKinley. The Republican party in Wisconsin has nothing to fear from the threatened rebellion.

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Progress in Cuba The word "progress" does not apply very aptly to the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, which still seems as far as ever from reaching the conclusion of its labors. The last distinct progress made by the Commission appointed by the Convention to settle the electoral law has been the apportionment of Presidential electors by provinces as follows: Havana, 21; Santa Clara, 13; Santiago, 18; Matanzas, 12; Piña del Rio, 11; Puerto Principe, 8. Minority representation is recognized by a provision which allows each citizen to vote only for a smaller number of electors than the province is entitled to. Thus, in Havana the voter can put only fourteen names on his ballot, although, as above stated, Havana elects twenty-one delegates. Nothing else of moment has been done by the Constitutional Convention. An attempt to adopt resolutions which should break the force of the Platt amendment has failed. Outside of constitutional questions, however, it may truly be said that great progress has lately been reported from Cuba. In educational, sanitary, and municipal respects the advance has been notable. Thus, Major Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer of Havana, presents evidence to sustain his surprising claim that Havana is now a healthier city than New York, Washington, or Pittsburg, pointing out as causes the present cleanliness of the city, the absence of yellow fever (only four cases and one death were reported from Havana in July, while in July, 1897, there were 158 deaths from yellow fever), and the fact that Havana is free from such excessive heat as raised the death-rate during July in New York and other American cities. In educational matters, the army officer who has charge of the schools as Commissioner, in his annual report states that, while at the beginning of the American occupancy there were not, so far as he knows, any public schools in Cuba, there are now over 3,500 schools, an equal number of teachers, and an enrollment of 172,273 scholars. Commissioner Hanna incidentally calls attention to the fact that in every Cuban school-room may be found Cuban flags, portraits of the heroes of the Cuban war against Spain, while "Cuba Libre" is always written in large letters on the blackboard.

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Conditions in the Philippines The War Department has lately received the annual report made by Superintendent Atkinson, of Manila, in regard to the public schools, from which it appears that already 781 teachers from the United States have been appointed out of the thousand authorized by the school law. As evidence of the eagerness to fill these positions, Mr. Atkinson states that over eight thousand applications were filed, including 487 from soldiers. The entire Philippine archipelago has been divided into eighteen sections, and a division superintendent placed over each. The greatest need at present, Mr. Atkinson says, is for adequate and suitable school buildings; makeshifts of military barracks and empty buildings are entirely unsatisfactory. The eagerness of pupils to learn is shown by the fact that sometimes a single teacher has as many as two hundred pupils. It is intended to begin very soon the plan of using English only in the schools, at least in Manila, and to extend the system as rapidly as possible. The military situation in the islands has not recently changed materially. An action is reported from Batanzas Province, in Luzon, in which a considerable body of insurgents was driven back with some loss; in the island of Samar the insurgent general Lucan was lately surprised and driven back; but military operations in the island have now ceased on account of the wet season. The hostile feeling between the common people and the friars increases in acuteness. In several places friars have been mobbed by the people when they attempted to conduct church services, and in at least one case they were driven from the church and stoned, after which the people, the report states, gathered in front of the priest's house and waved the American flag, while the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." In Cebu a petition was presented to the Governor asking for the removal of the religious corporations from the island. The Governor explained to the people that they were quite at liberty to ignore the friars entirely and choose their own priests, and promised to forward the petition to Governor Taft. The Federal party has issued a proclamation affirming that the friar question is purely political. The Nationalist party has sent to Governor Taft its platform, which advocates the most ample autonomy at the earliest moment, and, when the time is opportune, the independence of the Philippines, under an American protectorate. It proposes the encouragement of higher education and industrial and commercial expansion, and advocates the expulsion from the Philippines of elements obnoxious to the welfare of the people—meaning, of course, the friars.

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France and Turkey The report that the dispute between the Sultan and France had been settled, as mentioned in these columns last week, appears to have been somewhat premature. A break of some kind seems to have arisen in the negotiations; and the French Ambassador, M. Constans, under instructions from the French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, left Constantinople early in the week for Paris. The Turkish Ambassador to Paris, who is now in Switzerland, has been requested, it is understood, not to return to Paris, so that official relations between the two nations have ceased for the present. It seems that, in addition to the failure of the Sultan to keep his promise with regard to the quays built by the French company, there had also been demands for the payment of long-standing indemnities to Frenchmen, amounting to about $2,400,000. France requires a satisfactory adjustment of these claims before resuming diplomatic relations. It is not believed that war is at all likely to ensue, and it is quite probable that Turkey will yield soon, as the Porte is anxious to maintain supervision over the members of the Young Turks party who make Paris their headquarters, which is impossible when no representative of the Porte is in Paris. A further development of the dispute is found in the statement that the Sultan had notified the French Ambassador that he intended taxing the French religious orders in Turkey.

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The Boer Leaders Defiant The time is drawing near when the threat made by Lord Kitchener in the proclamation recently outlined in The Outlook will go into effect. Meanwhile defiant replies have been made by President Steyn, General De Wet, and General Botha. They all announce their determination to continue the war as vigorously as is in their power despite the threat that, if captured, they will be permanently exiled from South Africa. Some English papers consider the making of the threat in itself a mistake, as the Boer leaders would in no event expect favors if captured, unless after negotiations for surrender. Lord Kitchener, in his despatch about this matter, merely reports the fact of the refusal of the Boer leaders to surrender, without giving their reasons or a summary of the letters received from them. Another threat by proclamation has been authorized by the London War Office. It has telegraphed to Lord Kitchener to issue a proclamation stating that, in view of the killing of British officers and privates after surrender in at least two authenticated instances, hereafter "the members of any commando by which such an outrage is committed who may be captured, and, after trial, proved to have been present on such occasion, will be held guilty, whether they actually committed the deed or not; that the leader of the commando will be sentenced to death, and that the other members will be punished with death or less, according to the degree of complicity." English papers very generally condemn this measure, for two reasons: first, because it is not believed to be in accordance with the laws of war to visit the sins of the guilty on the guiltless in summary execution, and it is evident that such summary punishment might very likely fall upon soldiers or officers who had nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly, with an act which might be committed, without orders, by a few men or even by one man; secondly, because it is considered that the measure will be totally futile, as, in the nature of the case, it will be impossible to produce the evidence called for by the proclamation. No important actions have taken place lately; the most sensational event of last week was Lord Kitchener's report that sixty-eight British soldiers had been captured by the Boers, and, as usual, disarmed and released. It is stated in the despatches that General French has columns closely following all the Boer commandos of any size.

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More Massacres in Manchuria

Conflicting reports have arrived during the past week in regard to renewed bloodshed in Manchuria. One account states that several Christians have been killed by the Chinese; another asserts that two hundred peaceable Chinese subjects were lately killed by the Russians by mistake for Bazouk bandits, while a supplementary story asserts that, in addition, five hundred of the Bazouks were mercilessly put to death. It is doubtful whether the exact facts about these occurrences will ever be known, but there is some reason for believing that there are still serious disturbances in Manchuria, especially near the Korean frontier, where Russia, according to the Shanghai "Mercury," has now some twenty thousand men. That there should be uneasiness concerning Russian aggression in Manchuria is not to be wondered at when we remember the horrors of the Amur massacre of a year ago. That matter has never been fully explained, but Russian papers asserted that it was due largely to the misunderstanding of a telegram from St. Petersburg to the Russian general in command, General Gribski. It has been believed that General Gribski committed suicide on account of the serious reprimand received by him from St. Petersburg, but it is now stated that he was, in point of fact, banished to Kamchatka. Simultaneously comes the statement from Russia that the number of Chinese who were massacred at the Amur River, where men, women, and children were driven into the river to drown, was not five or six thousand, as previously reported, but only three thousand! Various reports come also from the interior of China to the Shanghai papers to the effect that scenes of disturbance and riot abound in the country, especially in northeast Shantung, and that anti-foreign placards are being posted even in Canton. These rumors must be taken with reserve, as reports from missionaries indicate that they are resuming their work in many places. Last week Prince Chung and Li-Hung-Chang notified the foreign Ministers that they were at last ready to sign the protocol for China, and by the time this paragraph is read the protocol, in all probability, will actually have been signed. Edicts have been received from the Emperor and Empress agreeing to the conditions of the Ministers in regard to the punishing of Chinese officials, the destruction of the forts, and the suspension of examinations for office. Probably the Court will soon return to Peking. We can hardly take seriously the statement from Peking that Prince Chun, who is now in Berlin for the purpose of officially apologizing to Germany for the murder of her Minister, has asked by cable whether he is to comply with the demands of Emperor William that, when presented to the Emperor, the Prince must bow three times, while the Secretary of the Mission and other subordinates shall prostrate themselves and knock their heads nine times on the floor before the Emperor. Certainly this would be a court ceremony which many would go far to see.

European Savagery in Africa

Those who have read the story of Livingstone's Christian life and peaceful exploration in Africa, or the record of the achievements of Mr. J. Thomson, author of "Through Masai Land," in traversing unexplored African territory without arousing the enmity of the natives, will not admit that wholesale bloodshed is inseparable from expeditions of discovery in the Dark Continent. Yet that is practically the ground assumed by many leaders; the Germans and French more especially have a dark record of killing and devastation attached to their attempts at conquest and occupation in Africa. A striking illustration of this is found in an account of Major Marchand's famous march from the Congo to the Nile, lately written for "Collier's Weekly" by Mr. W. S. Cherry, a young American engineer and soldier of fortune, who had charge of a decrepit river steamer which followed Marchand as a basis of supplies. The object of the expedition is frankly stated to have been to strike a hard blow at British prestige on the Upper Nile. This effect of the Fashoda expedition was neutralized by the firmness of the British Foreign Office—firmness regarded by the French as brutal, and the retreat in diplomacy forced upon France did much to arouse in the French people the old, bitter anti-English prejudice. It may be doubted whether France gained materially in any way by Major Marchand's exploit, but personally he became a national hero. At what cost of life this honor was obtained may be judged from Mr. Cherry's narrative. He says that Major Marchand's name was a terror among the natives; above Brazzaville, on the Congo, in one preliminary campaign, two hundred native villages were burned, and the chief's head was cut off and brought in triumph to Brazzaville. Cumba, a populous native village, was surrounded before daybreak, a bugle-blast aroused the sleeping people, and as they rushed from their huts two hundred and fifty repeating rifles were turned on them, and the whole population—men, women, and children—were exterminated; "the wounded, appealing for mercy with outstretched arms, were finished where they fell." At another village, Mr. Cherry was informed, Major Marchand's Senegal soldiers wished to test the penetrative powers of a new rifle. "Seven captives, their arms tied behind them, were placed in line, each with his belly to the next man's back. A corporal took the rifle; the officers looked on critically. The word was given, and the corporal fired straight at the breast of the first captive. All seven fell, pierced by the ball. The new rifle was declared a success." It is not surprising to learn that attacks upon the rear guard followed, but the natives had no modern arms or military efficiency, and so long as night surprises were guarded against the white men and their paid native soldiers had little resistance to meet in their "sport of shooting natives"—to quote one of the headlines of the narrative. From beginning to end the story as told by this American is one of death-dealing, cruelty, ravishment of native women, and wholesale burning of villages. Usually the excuse is made of some act of wrong-doing on the part of the natives, but it is impossible to decide who was the original aggressor, while it is not strange that the ignorant natives should take a hostile attitude to armed bodies of foreigners suddenly invading their country. That any serious attempt was made to establish friendly relations or reassure the terror-stricken barbarians does not appear. Such tales of tracks of devastation left by advancing civilization may well suggest that the next International Peace Congress might properly consider the subject of the conduct of armed expeditions into uncivilized lands.

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The Methodist Ecumenical Conference

This great international gathering of the Methodist Church begins its session in London next week. The attendance of American delegates is large; among them are Bishop Hurst, Bishop Vincent, Dr. A. B. Sanford, Dr. F. N. North, and many others of equal prominence in the Church. The Conference will be so large as to be unwieldy in a single body, and it will be divided, therefore, into two sections, one of three hundred and the other of two hundred members. The larger of these sections will be called the Western section, and will be composed of delegates from the United States and Canada, and the mission fields of these countries, while the

Eastern section will probably be composed of the delegates from Great Britain and from British missions. As the Conference is purely of an ecumenical character, it has, of course, no legislative functions, but will employ its energies in discussing important matters relating to the Methodist polity, doctrine, and discipline. The delegates will be about equally divided between ministers and laymen. The opening sermon is to be delivered by Bishop Galloway, of the American Methodist Church South, and all American Methodists are proud of the distinction thus conferred upon this country. A few of the subjects to be discussed at the Conference are formulated in the following titles: "Methodism and Education," "Biblical Criticism and Christian Faith," "Dealing with the Liquor Traffic," "Perversion of Wealth," "The Influence of Methodism in Promoting International Peace." The Outlook will, of course, give its readers in due time an account of the discussions in the Conference as viewed by representative delegates.

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The Gospel Tent Movement in Philadelphia It was in April, 1899, that Mr. D. L. Moody accepted an invitation from the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia to address this representative body of laymen of the Presbyterian Church in one of their monthly meetings. As one result of this address the Social Union appointed a committee of twelve men to consider the matter of summer evangelistic work. After a number of meetings of the committee, it was finally agreed to try one tent. This proved successful, and soon another was secured, and still later a third. During the first summer three tents were kept in use, with meetings every night except Saturday. The second year five tents were placed in operation. Tents have the advantage over church buildings or halls as places of meeting in that they are cooler, more attractive and inviting to the people who are not accustomed to attending church, and who, in some cases, could not be persuaded to enter a church. The tents are well lighted, have light folding chairs, and there is a platform large enough to accommodate twenty-five singers, an organ, and the speakers, erected at the side or end of each tent. No collections are taken in the meetings, as a rule. Everything is avoided that could possibly be misconstrued by the most skeptical. The cost the first year was about $9,000; the second, over $11,000, the entire amount being raised by individual gifts. Eight weeks have elapsed since the committee entered upon its present summer campaign, and the interest displayed in the movement is most encouraging. Doubtless many have been brought into touch with Christian workers who could have been reached in no other way. During one week alone 20,000 persons were in attendance at the various tents. Evangelists and helpers are endeavoring to enlist volunteer workers and are starting them over the community. During a single week over five hundred homes have been visited in this careful individual manner, and eleven cottage prayer-meetings have been conducted. The committee now has in operation seven Gospel tents, and in addition is conducting noonday services in Independence Square and at the City Hall. Two churches are being built as a result of the tent work.

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Disciple Assemblies The summer assemblies of the Disciples of Christ are growing both in number and in educational and religious significance. The oldest and most important of these is Bethany Assembly at Bethany Park, Ind., which occupies about three weeks each summer, and is devoted to the interests of the Disciples in Indiana especially, and to their work in general. Missionary conventions, Sunday-school conferences, ministerial associations, popular lectures on current religious and educational themes, Christian Endeavor rallies, and other like matters, constitute the programme. One of the best features of the assembly is the series of lectures given each year to the preachers by some strong educator. Eureka Assembly, at Eureka, Ill., is conducted along similar lines, but is more distinctly educational in character than Bethany Assembly. The second annual Assembly held at Gordonsville, Va., was more successful than the first, and the outlook for future summer gatherings there is bright with promise. The programme at Gordonsville consists largely of popular lectures and preaching.

The South Kentucky Institute at Mayfield was especially successful, considering the fact that it is new. The principal popular feature of this summer school was the series of able lectures on science and revelation showing the compatibility between the two. This institute was largely attended by young ministers of the Gospel. The newest of all is the Bethany Beach Assembly, opened in July last at Bethany Beach, Del. Preaching services, popular lectures and entertainments, comprised the essential features.

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Ocean Grove Meetings Perhaps the most popular and largely attended summer services in the world are those annually held at Ocean Grove on the New Jersey coast, under the auspices of the Methodists. The summer gatherings at Northfield are more interdenominational, as they are more strictly educational in character and prove more attractive to preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and Christian workers in general. But Ocean Grove is attended more largely by the public in general, and the days of service on the beach are crowded full of varied religious interests, including even some features which have an over-sensational flavor. Eleven or twelve distinct services are held each day: an early consecration meeting at 5:45; an hour later, in the auditorium, family devotions, for the benefit of the families in the hotels, are conducted. This latter is a unique service and is largely attended. At 9 A.M. on Sundays three or four meetings are held simultaneously, consisting of young people's consecration service, evangelist meetings, testimonials, and love feasts. The great service of praise is held at ten o'clock; in this an orchestra of forty musicians and a chorus of two hundred voices leads the congregations, consisting sometimes of as many as twelve thousand people. This is followed by the preaching service. At 2:30 (on Sundays) the Sunday-school is held, succeeded an hour later by a meeting for children in the Temple. After this comes the service of exhortation, in which many ministers take part, followed by the great open-air service at the foot of Ocean Pathway, when thousands of people gather for this surf service, as it is sometimes called, which consists of singing, praying, responsive Bible reading, and short addresses. The final meeting is a preaching service.

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The Epidemic of Savagery

During the month just ended there were in this country four lynchings in which the victims were burned at the stake. The details of the horrible scenes have been published far and wide, so that the whole country has been made to know the depths of the savagery to which our race, in widely separated communities, has reverted.

Ten years ago cruelty such as the mobs have exhibited sickened us when we read of it in Parkman's account of Mohawk wars, and we thought of it as showing how completely we had outgrown the instincts of barbarous races. To-day the communities where these horrors occur preserve as mementos the evidences of their savagery, and newspapers all over the country treat the details as sensation and not as a disgrace. There is, in fact, only one hopeful feature to the increasingly depressing situation, and that is that clear-sighted men at the South have begun to recognize that the horrors perpetrated by the mobs do not check the crimes against which they are directed; and there is reason to hope that in the North communities, if not newspapers, will soon begin to perceive that the detailed narration of these horrors simply demoralizes the larger part of the public which comes in contact with it. As to contact with physical evil we are all quite clear. No one in his senses will touch physical disease unless his work is to cure. There is the same danger from contact with moral disease, and the same need of restricting it to those who have purpose to heal. Even these, unless they have the equipment of moral physicians, approach crime at their peril.

But the awakening needed at the North to check the brutalizing descriptions of brutality is apart from the purpose of the present article. That which now deserves attention is the awakening already begun at the South respecting the inefficacy of lynching as a deterrent for the crimes committed by the victims. Several Southern newspapers have recently given expression to this thought, which the

Columbia (South Carolina) "State" puts in the following striking terms:

> An epidemic of the most horrible of crimes has swept over the country within the last few weeks. Following the triple lynching at Carrollton, Miss., came a series of crimes by negroes against white people, chiefly against white women. The same thing was noticed after the Sam Hose affair in Georgia two years ago. That "fearful example" was succeeded by a series of murders and assaults by negroes, leading to a series of lynchings, in some of which the methods then employed were imitated.
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> What, then, is the effect of lynchings? There is certainly no evidence to substantiate a claim that lynching serves as a deterrent, causing negroes to refrain from the crime or crimes for which it is employed as a punishment. News of such occurrences is gained from the gossip that is so rapid in its transit and in its exaggeration among the members of that race. By the time the subject has passed among a few of the negroes their characteristic ardor is aroused, and the victim, instead of being a brute properly punished, is in their eyes a hero and a martyr.
>
> These are hard sayings, but every one who knows the negro knows they are true. And, knowing them to be true, it ought to be readily seen how impossible it is to expect lynching to serve as a deterrent of crime among the negroes.
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> The negro about to be lynched generally manages to retain his composure. The negro is fond of the spectacular, and if the choice of methods were left to him he would choose the death that would attract greatest attention.

Close students of history and all students of criminology will agree that it is not merely the characteristics of negro nature that are noted here, but the characteristics of human nature. Booker Washington has shown that more than four-fifths of the negroes lynched in this country are not even accused of the crime of assault, and all negroes know that the victims in most cases are killed without trial, not because of their crime, but because of their color. When any man of any race is made the victim of hatred against that race, he is immediately exalted into a hero. Dreyfus and Kruger illustrate the principle to-day, and every international episode in the past furnishes other illustrations. Indeed, it is not necessary that the victim of obvious wrong shall appeal to so powerful a sense of sympathy as that which springs from race feeling. The men of every party who have been the victims of hostility against it have become party heroes. Charles I. in England and Louis XVI. in France show how royalist reactionaries have been ready to canonize the victimized representatives of their faction regardless of their personal qualities, while Wilkes in England and Marat in France show that radicals are dominated by the same sentiments. Few personalities have been more repellent than that of Wilkes, yet his wrongful exclusion from Parliament not only made him a hero among Liberals, but, Cowper tells us, caused him to be the special object of prayers among people who cared nothing for his sentiments, and only knew he was wronged. Marat still better illustrates the universal human sentiment, since his murder by Charlotte Corday not only made him a hero among his fellow-Jacobins, who had personally detested him, but lifted into power the faction which Charlotte Corday sought to destroy. It is not, therefore, merely negro nature but human nature which exalts the victims of lynch law into positions of importance as representatives of their race.

In its effect upon the criminal, therefore, the result of denying a fair trial is to transfer him from an object of execration into an object of sympathy, and force the members of his race to become his partisans. The evil thus done is merely accentuated by the publicity of the execution, for the sudden importance of the victim is thereby proportionately increased. The theatrical instincts which are so strong among the criminals and egotists of all races are appealed to by publicity, and the lawlessness designed to put down lawlessness becomes a strong impulse toward its perpetration.

In its effect upon the community and the Nation the harmful results of lynching are of course still clearer, and this, too, is now being recognized at the South in a way that affords a hope of reformation. The savagery of last week's mob in Tennessee called forth this comment from the Nashville "American:"

> The mob spirit thrives through suggestion. Lawlessness feeds on lawlessness. Formerly the mob was satisfied to hang its victim. When the Texas mob burned a negro, it was a shock to the country. The world regarded it with horror. But as crime becomes familiar, its repulsiveness grows less. The first burning of a victim by a mob suggests the crime to others, and it has been repeated so often that it has ceased to be more shocking to the benumbed public mind than an ordinary hanging formerly was. It has grown to be the common method of the mob. It will grow more

> common and on smaller provocation until some more fiendish and brutalizing method is resorted to. The enlightened mind cannot fail to realize that such crimes cannot be committed without injury to those who commit them. The fire may consume the victim, but the crime leaves black scars on the living which do not heal. There is a penalty for all this which we shall not escape. The thoughtful must shudder as they contemplate this downward drift. Where will it end?

The "American's" editorial is gloomy in the extreme, but there are times when the prevalence of the spirit of gloom is the only possible sign of hope. Such editorials indicate a feeling out of which reform must come, and the reform is well started when the community recognizes the magnitude of the evils confronting it. In this case especially does the dismal editorial give sign of hope, as it shows that the evil of lynching cannot much longer be palliated as "a bad means to a good end." The community is finding out that the end is bad as well as the means, and will in the end render its judgment accordingly. When wrong can no longer hide as the agent or support of right, its end is near.

The responsibility for the wrong is National and not Southern, for the feeling back of the wrong has been that of race and not of section. In proportion to the number of negroes, there have been almost as many lynchings of the members of that race in the West as in the South. The only section whose record is clear is the one in which the two races are not brought together in any measurable degree. The atrocities of the past month in the South, therefore, must nowhere serve as the occasion for sectional self-righteousness, but everywhere for race humility. The most encouraging words that have been spoken concerning these atrocities have come from the South, and to those already quoted we wish to add those recently addressed by the Rev. Quincy Ewing to his congregation at Greenville, Miss., in regard to the remedies which the public should adopt. Said Mr. Ewing:

> Elect a Legislature with manhood enough, with moral backbone enough, to pass a law simply imposing a big money fine upon any county in which a lynching occurs. Elect a Legislature with decency enough to want to stop lynching, manifested in the passing of a law vacating the sheriff's office and making the sheriff forever ineligible to any office of any kind who surrendered a prisoner to a mob, or did not do all that could reasonably be expected of him to prevent anybody charged with a crime from falling into the hands of a mob. That would discourage lynching, for obvious reasons. In case neither of these laws should discourage it sufficiently, let the Legislature give the Governor explicit power to send troops into any county where, in his judgment, the sheriff is clearly not doing his duty; to send troops into the county to handle the mob and run them down and drag them to prison, just as Federal troops in the West have often run down and dragged to prison murderous Indians and white desperadoes. I have always been, and am now, a States-Rights Democrat; but I say, with no sort of hesitation, that if Mississippi cannot put a stop to the lynching of negroes within her borders—negroes, let us remember, who are citizens of the United States as well as of Mississippi—then the Federal Government ought to take a hand in this business; for the Constitution of the United States, along with the Constitution and laws of Mississippi, is shoved aside and trampled down every time a lynching occurs in this State.

When such sentiments as these receive such expression in the very center of the Black Belt, there is no occasion for despair, but merely great occasion for agitation everywhere which shall awaken the public conscience and remove the fast accumulating disgrace from our Nation and our race.

New Testament Translations

A good translation is a very difficult work of art. It cannot be accomplished by merely converting the original word into its nearest English equivalent. The translator must be at home in both languages; he must have more than a lexicographical and grammatical acquaintance with the foreign language; he must know its idiom and be able to think in it; he must know and love his author, appreciate his spirit, share his intellectual and spiritual life; he must be able, not merely to translate one set of words into another set of words, but one life into another life—in New Testament translation, for example, not merely Greek into English, not merely New Testament Greek into modern English, but the first century into the twentieth century, and Orientalized Hebrew into modern Anglo-Saxon. Moreover, he must not only recognize, he must *feel*, another truth, and a very important one. The mental attitude of the twentieth century is one of curiosity, and that is not reverential;

the moral attitude of America is democratic, and that is not reverential. The attitude of the ancient Hebrew was essentially an attitude of reverence toward God and the unseen world; the Hebrew cultivated what the phrenologists call marvelousness, while we have done our best to eliminate it. But he who would translate the Bible into modern English must preserve this spirit. The scientist goes boldly up to investigate the burning bush without hesitation; the translator, if he is to give us the spirit of the Hebrew, must recognize that he is on holy ground and must take the shoes from off his feet. Thus, to translate the Bible into our vernacular requires more than painstaking scholarship; it requires a poet's imagination, a subtle appreciation of refinements of thought and feeling, a spirit of reverence coupled with an ability to clothe it in modern forms, a rare mastery of both the Greek and the English languages, and a skill at embodying in carefully selected words what would otherwise involve a paraphrase or an annotation.

In the translation of the Epistles in the New Testament, especially those of Paul, there are added difficulties in the way of the translator. Paul was emphatically a Hebrew; he was born a Hebrew, was bred as a Hebrew, lived until mature age in the strictest sect of the Hebrews, and, despite his later Christian experience, to the end of his life felt and thought as a Hebrew. But his mission was to the pagan Greeks and Romans, chiefly to the former; and in this mission he endeavored to translate the Hebrew religious life into terms which would be comprehensible to the pagan Greeks and Romans. Hence to translate Paul is to translate a translator; it is to render into the English vernacular of the twentieth century the work of one whose object it was to render into the thought of the first century the essential principles of a religion Oriental in its origin, and, as to its fundamental conceptions of God, duty, and life, born ten or twelve centuries before Paul's time. Paul's method of composition increases the translator's difficulties. For he was in temperament an orator, and his method of composition was the oratorical one. He dictated to an amanuensis; his auditors were in imagination before him; he used frequently the *argumentum ad hominem;* he imagined an objector and held a dialogue with him; in the rapidity of his thoughts he sometimes left great gaps in his discourse; at other times he interpolated qualifications of his statement and qualifications of his qualifications. Sometimes he is led away by the fervor of his feeling into splendid bursts of eloquence, as in his psalm of love and in his mystical picture of the resurrection. The translator who simply gives us English words for the Greek words, approximating as nearly as he can to an interlinear translation, does not truly translate Paul at all; while he who ventures upon a greater freedom is always in peril of substituting his own theology for the often fragmentary and not always consequential and consistent thought of the Apostle.

To illustrate these remarks let us take a familiar fragment from one of Paul's Epistles. We give it here in the language of the Revised Version:

> Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

To understand the real meaning of the Apostle in the chapter from which these words are taken, the translator must first of all realize to whom they were addressed: to the Corinthian church, torn by factions, its members envying each other's gifts, using them for display not for service, with eager appetites gluttonizing and becoming drunken at the love feasts of the church, taking offense at imaginary slights, gossiping over each other's faults, now glorying in the completeness of their knowledge, now pessimistically ready to abandon their faith in immortality and return to the Epicurean counsel, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." There is in this thirteenth chapter of Corinthians scarcely a phrase which has not its oratorical reference to some antithetical practice in the church which is addressed. All this Dean Stanley brings out in his paraphrase; but the translator must at least hint at it in his translation. With the concealed yet clearly implied rebuke involved in this chapter there is also a climax, or rather a series of climaxes, such as belongs to oratorical literature. These several clauses are not merely a succession of independent aphorisms which might be placed in any other order; each clause leads to its successor, thus: “Love in silence endures all experiences; is confiding in them all; when it can no longer confide, it still hopes for the best; when it can no longer hope, it still patiently endures.” The rendering “believes all” destroys this climax and makes the Apostle praise love for its credulity, and this in curious disregard of the fact that Paul rarely if ever uses the word *pisteuo* (πιστεύω) to represent mere belief; and yet this is the translation of both the Authorized Version and the Revised Version.

Let us turn to another and less familiar passage, the opening verses of the third chapter of Romans. Here Paul carries on a dialogue with an imaginary objector. Paul has previously laid down the doctrine that God deals with pagan and Jew alike; the objector interposes, and a dialogue ensues which may be represented as follows, though we do not offer this representation either as a translation or as paraphrase:

> *Objector.* What, then, is the use of circumcision?
>
> *Paul.* Great; for to the circumcised revelation has been intrusted for the world. Let me ask you a question. Do you suppose the Jews' inability to perceive repentance and faith in the pagan makes God unable to perceive them? God will be true in his judgments of mankind though all men judge falsely of each other. . . .
>
> *Objector* (shifting his ground). If our unrighteousness commends God's righteousness, why does he condemn us? You make him unrighteous in punishing what promotes his glory.
>
> *Paul* (indignantly). God unrighteous! He who judges the world a false judge!
>
> *Objector* (persistently). But if my false life makes God's truthfulness clear, why am I judged a sinner?
>
> *Paul.* Ah! You assume what I have been reported as saying, Let us do evil that good may come. The report is a slander. He who assumes that utters his own condemnation.

That this is a dialogue is scarcely suggested by either the Authorized Version or the Revised Version; and yet it can be understood only as the reader shares in Paul's vividness of imagination and intensity of feeling.

These remarks are suggested by two translations of the New Testament recently offered to the public, “The Historical New Testament” and “The Twentieth Century New Testament.”[1] Each has its value, but neither supplies the need which we have here attempted to indicate. “The Historical New Testament,” while of value to the student for the new light its translation sometimes affords, and still more for the scholarly prolegomena which accompany that translation, does not give, and scarcely suggests to the reader, the oratorical and dramatic character of Paul's Epistles. They still appear, as they do in the Authorized and Revised Versions, like theological tractates—which they are not. “The Twentieth Century New Testament” renders the original into not merely the language of the twentieth century, but into its colloquial language. If not irreverent, it certainly does not preserve in its literary form the spirit of reverence so distinctly characteristic of the Hebrew race.

It is said of Jowett's “Plato” that Jowett wrote the dialogues as Plato would have written them if he had been an Englishman. We want to see a translator who can write Paul's Epistles as Paul would have written them had he lived in this age and this country. This will not be done by merely substituting *you* for *thou*, and *brothers* for *brethren*, as is done in the “Twentieth Century New Testament.” Such changes in mere verbal forms are of very little importance. The translator must not be merely a twentieth-century American, but also an Hebraic Paul. Even then his work will never take the place of the Authorized Version. That will always be the classical New Testament; though possibly in time the Revised Version may be the classical Old Testament. Nevertheless, such a translation as we have suggested would make clear many a passage which is now obscure, and would serve the purpose of a commentary to many readers of the Bible who never use a commentary. Moreover, it would give vitality of meaning to some passages which have lost their vitality because of their familiarity. But neither Mr. Moffat's volume nor the “Twentieth Century New Testament” seems to us to accomplish this purpose. For such a translation the world still waits. The first will be of value to the students of the New Tes-

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[1] *The Twentieth Century New Testament.* F. H. Revell Co., New York. *The Historical New Testament.* By James Moffat, B.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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tament; the second will perhaps serve to introduce the New Testament to some readers who are now unfamiliar with it. But the one is too purely a scholarly translation, the other is too purely and in some respects too specifically a vernacular translation, to fulfill the requirements of such an interpretative rendering of the New Testament Epistles as is needed, and as we believe would be welcomed, by the great body of Bible readers and of Bible students.

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Strength-Giving Sympathy

It has been said that nothing shows the quality of a man so much as the source to which he turns for comfort. It is equally true that nothing shows one's estimate of another more than the sort of comfort one offers him. This is shown in the way different persons deal with a child that is hurt. One talks about the hurt, exclaims over it, caresses and pities. Another apparently disregards the hurt or makes light of it, and seeks at once to occupy the child with something else, until he forgets his pain, and laughter takes the place of tears. Often the child would hardly think of his hurt were not his mind fixed on it by supposed "sympathy." But that is the truest sympathy which seeks to spare him, not so much the suffering of the hurt as the suffering of thinking about it, and the emotional disturbance and nervous weakening which come from cries and complaints and fears.

That is the truest sympathy which feels for the child, not simply as undergoing now the smart of a burn or a sting or a cut, but as one who is sure to meet much suffering in the world, and whose success and happiness depend largely upon his being able to rise above it, or apply himself to other things in spite of it.

A little girl had to be taken to the surgeon for a brief but painful operation. The surgeon sought to relieve her fears by assuring her that it would not hurt much. Distrusting him, she turned to her grandfather, who accompanied her, asking, "Will it hurt, grandpa?" "Yes, my child, it will hurt badly," was the reply. Instantly she put out her arm and submitted to the operation without a murmur. It was false sympathy which prompted the surgeon to give the false assurance. It was actually true sympathy which led the grandfather to declare the truth—sympathy with her strength and courage.

True sympathy seeks not the sensibilities and the emotions, but the mind and the will. It seeks the latent strength rather than the manifest weakness.

And this is Christ's sympathy. A striking expression of it is found in Mark's Gospel, where we are told that Jesus saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and he taught them many things. He showed his sympathy by teaching as much as by feeding or healing. We know from the accounts of the Evangelists what sort of teaching it would be. There was no appeal to the sensibilities, no flattery of the sentiments. Christ sought to reach the heart by the truth. There is perpetual significance in the fact that he himself speaks of the Comforter whom he was to send—the Paraclete, the Advocate, the Helper—as the Spirit of Truth. Christ's comfort is not only true comfort, but it is comfort which comes from receiving the truth and allowing it to have its full effect upon mind and heart and will. He exalted those to whom he spoke by thus dealing with them as able to receive the truth. He showed his sympathy by addressing the best that was in them, that which ought to subdue and exalt all the rest. His appeal lay to their possibilities, for here was the source of the greatest suffering and the means of the noblest comfort. Genuine sympathy suffers as often because another does not suffer as because he does. That which moved Christ's compassion was just that which the multitude realized—and realizes—the least. Such sympathy seems sometimes to disregard the feelings of the sufferer. Christ never does that; he remembers that we are "dust," but he also remembers that we are made in the image of God. He deals first, not with the "dust," but with the image, and the future that is involved in it. He sympathizes with the present pain, whatever it is; but far more with the deeper-lying self, with all its potentialities of pain and joy, its certainties of toil and struggle and suffering, its possibilities of achievement, of triumph, and of "peace by conquest."

The Spectator

America's homogeneity was the subject of a striking sentence in Frederic Harrison's "Impressions of America" in a recent "Nineteenth Century:" "From Long Island to San Francisco, from Florida Bay to Vancouver's Island, there is one dominant race and civilization, one language, one type of law, one sense of nationality. That race, that nationality, is American to the core." The Spectator fully realized the truth of this generalization in a recent transcontinental trip. Not only are Americans American from New York to California, but they are more and more coming to be molded on something of the same outward pattern. We wear the same kind of collars and cuffs in San Francisco that we do, say, in Troy, New York, and they are made by the same manufacturers and sold at the same price; the cut of our clothes is much the same; our houses, the finer ones at least, are becoming more and more alike, inside and out; our newspapers are planned on the same lines, and sometimes owned by the same men, at both extremes of the continent; the songs we sing are the same, the popular novels we read are the same, even the slang we (some of us) speak is the same.

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Time was when we were more differentiated, more sectional, more idiosyncratic and provincial. Mark Twain, somewhere in his delightful book "Roughing It," shows a picture of an ordinary clay pipe. In the old days whereof he tells, this article, he says, sold for one cent in New York, for five cents in Chicago, for ten cents in Denver, for fifteen in Salt Lake City, and for a quarter in San Francisco. Now, alas! it can be bought all over the country for one cent, and the wherewithal to fill it commands also a uniform price. This is an illustration of what has happened in hundreds of ways. The Wild West has been toned down till it is not so different, after all, from the tame East. In his transcontinental trip of six or seven thousand miles, for instance, the Spectator saw no Indians except at one little town in Nevada, and those he saw there were such as he would like to forget. He saw no hilarious cowboys "shooting up the town;" and the cowboy story he best remembers, the classical one of the tenderfoot who said "thanks, he would take a little pale sherry," and was thereupon told that he would take whisky, that he would take it straight, and that he would like it, too, was told as illustrating a phase of Western life that has passed. The Spectator saw no "road agents;" and though these gentry are still occasionally heard of, they are usually wholesale men, confining their attention to express cars and safes. In a word, the Spectator found that "one civilization" is fast taking the place of the diverse civilizations or degrees of civilization that formerly characterized the various sections of our country.

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This is not to say, however, that one does not still see picturesque peculiarities of costume and note exceptional qualities in the men and women one meets. Far from it. But individualized characters are generally found among the older men and women. There was one old settler who happened to drop in for a Sunday call on the friends whom the Spectator was visiting in Colorado. He dated from the time when Indiana was "out West;" had had a hand in the Lovejoy anti-slavery troubles; had known Lincoln when the latter had time to go on fishing and camping trips, and had wrestled "back holts" with the sinewy President-to-be; had been a surgeon in the army, and had sent scores of Union men on their way to freedom from Southern prison pens by reporting them dead and giving them a chance to get away alive. Then, too, there was the big Californian with the sombrero, who climbed on the stage at a little town near the boundary of the Yellowstone Park. What a strange story he had to tell!—of the search for a man who a year ago was suddenly swallowed up in the great National park, and of whom no slightest trace has been found, in spite of the searching of a hundred men for many weeks last year and this. There was also the countrified-looking old man with the goat beard, who seemed in appearance a genuine "hayseed," but was really a railroad bridge builder of wide experience, responsible position, and much worldly wisdom. There was the big Polander, a thoroughly Americanized sugar expert, a man of various knowledge and plenty of experience in the "big West," on his way to Hawaii to investigate beet-sugar conditions there. There is indeed enough of individuality in the people one meets in the West, but it is not exactly the kind we read about in the stories. The West has been "fenced in," and its population has to a certain extent become conventionalized.

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One wishes that the railroad folders and the smaller guide-books would tell the truth about Western scenery. The Spectator met one enthusiastic but taciturn man who said that when he got home and was asked what he had seen, his reply would be, "I can't describe it. Take these guide-books and multiply them by two, and you'll see what I've seen." The Spectator, on the contrary, would divide the guide-books by ten or a dozen in order to make their descriptions trustworthy. Take the Yellowstone National Park, for instance. The traveler is advised in the folders to wear heavy wraps; whereas the Spectator found the one indispensable garment to be a linen duster. The lurid descriptions of the Grand Cañon prepare one to look for colors of paint-box hues and brilliancy; whereas the coloring, beautiful as it is, is soft and blended rather than brilliant and bizarre. Another thing that the guide-books fail to mention is the fact that the points of interest in the Park—and absorbingly interesting they certainly are—are centered around a few favored localities, and that one has to travel magnificent distances from day to day to get to these.

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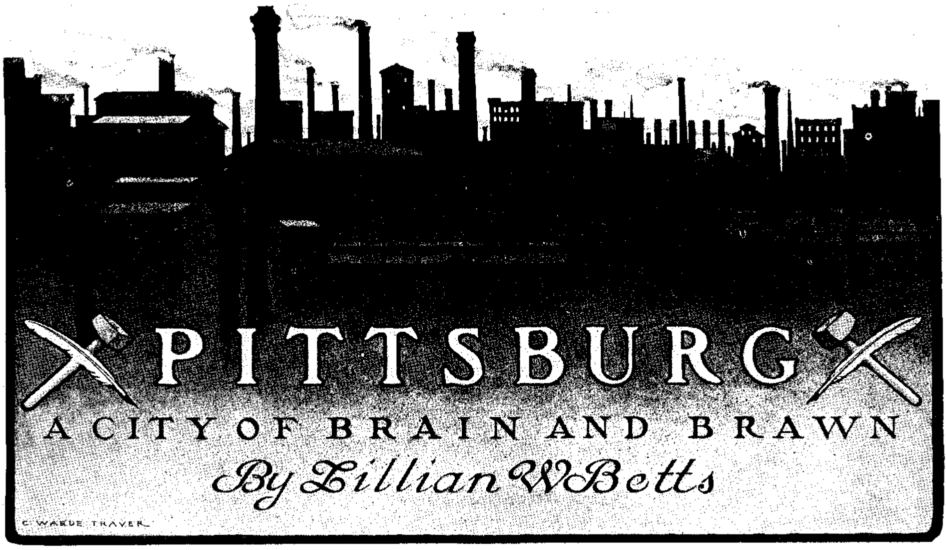
"Are you going for pleasure, or are you going to carry a camera?" was the question a friend addressed to the Spectator just before he started on his journey. The antithesis is one that all camera-carriers will appreciate. The Spectator has made many a vow that he will never carry a camera again, but he forgets; and occasionally his forgetfulness enables him to bring back pictures that are worth while—at least so his more indulgent friends think. But the pictures that are brought are nothing to those that are left behind. That one of the "Castle" geyser, for instance. The soldiers said that this remarkable geyser was just about to play, while the Spectator was going on his way to others that were sure to play. The Spectator stopped, rigged up his camera, and waited an hour for that exasperating, hissing, boiling spring to spout. It simply would not, while the sun was going down and all the other geysers in the Park seemed to be active. The Spectator believes that the Castle genie purposely held the escape valve tightly closed because a camera was pointed at it. Even the satanic guardians of the Park seem to have become sensitive about having their abodes photographed.

❀

From the "devil's frying-pans," "devil's elbows," and "hell's half-acre" of the Yellowstone it seems an easy jump to Salt Lake City and Mormonism. The remark would doubtless be resented by a very intelligent young man whom the Spectator chanced to meet at Saltair, on the Great Salt Lake. He was the son of an ex-President of the Church, and was well primed, as most Mormons are, for the defense of his faith. He admitted that the doctrine and practice of "plural wives" had injured the Church, but claimed that polygamy was now a thing of the past. "The Mormons are a God-fearing, law-abiding people," he said, "and they propose to obey the law of the land." He enlarged upon the kindliness and affection that had existed in polygamous households, and pointed out to the Spectator with special pride a fine-looking man, one of the three chief councilors, whose polygamous household had been a model of kindly virtues, without jealousy or envy on the part of any of the seraglio. The Spectator was somewhat skeptical, and said he couldn't imagine a woman so saintly or so spiritless that she would show no feeling if one of the other wives received from her husband a present of a new silk dress while she didn't get one. "Well," was the sagacious reply, given with a smile, "they didn't manage things that way. When a new dress was given to one, it was quadrupled, or sextupled, or whatever it might be, and given to all." Verily, those old Mormons were wise in their day and generation! And then, too, the canny Book of Mormon probably stipulated that one new dress a year was enough for any woman, let alone a fractional wife!



PITTSBURG

A CITY OF BRAIN AND BRAWN

By Lillian W. Betts

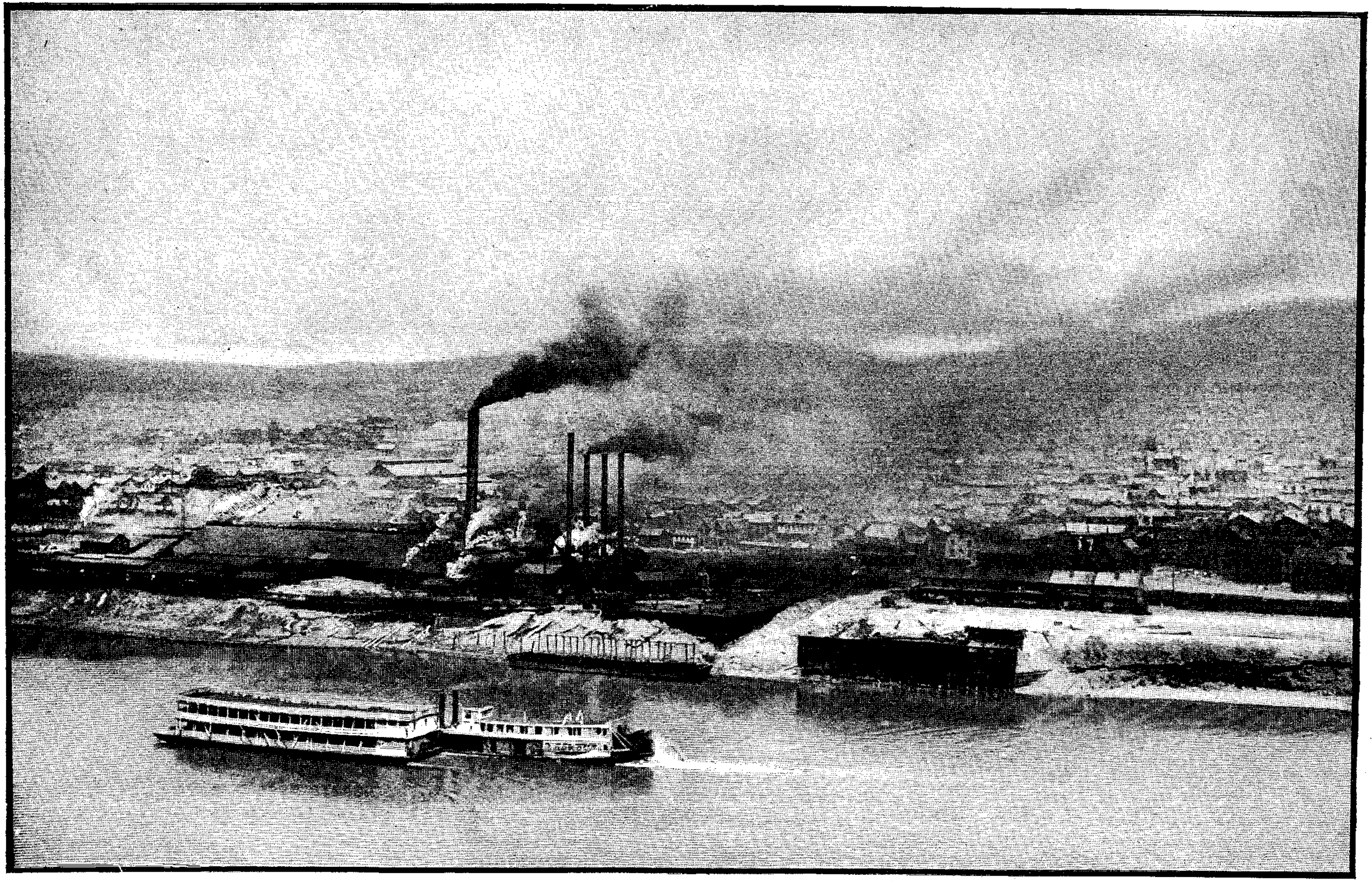
Illustrated with Photographs by Henry Hoyt Moore

JUDGE Brakenridge crossed the Alleghany Mountains in 1781 to settle in Pittsburg, Pa. He wrote in the Pittsburg "Gazette" a description of the town,

> "'If town it might be call'd, that town was none,
> Distinguished by house or street—'

but, in fact, a few old buildings under the walls of the garrison which stood at the junction of the two rivers." Judge Brakenridge describes the Alleghany: "You will see, on a spring evening, the banks of the river lined with men fishing at intervals from one another. This, with the stream gently gliding, the woods at a distance green, and the shadows lengthening towards the town, forms a delightful scene." Vivid descriptions follow of the orchards and woods on its banks. Of Herr's Island, about a mile above the junction of the two rivers in the Alleghany, the Judge writes: "When the poet comes, with his enchanting song, to pour his magic numbers on this scene, this little island may aspire to live with those in the Ægean Sea, where the song of Homer drew the image of delight." Over this scene of sylvan and rustic beauty the magic of the nineteenth century has wrought her marvelous change. Chimneys, retorts, furnaces, foundries, replace the woods; the whir and throb of machinery have silenced the songs of birds. Not the prospect of ease and rest, but that of work which means independence and mastery, wins to-day the emigrant from the East and from the West. He comes from field and farm and from college halls, for in this city, where capital and labor have struggled till the masters of both have made it their own, brawn and brain have a fair field. Pittsburg is the apotheosis of American civilization. To-day it stands at the threshold of a future so great as to silence the prophets, who see only an ever-widening horizon, and are unable to grasp the vision of what lies within.

To those who think of Pittsburg as hidden by smoke and grime, and peopled by men who, in their hours of labor, seem a part of the place the orthodox try to avoid, the city is a constant surprise and revelation. Miles of its streets are lined with beautiful houses standing in the midst of well-kept lawns. The streets wind at the foot of the hills or climb the sides at curves of the easiest ascent. Blocks of houses standing on streets running at right angles are almost unknown. Here and there in the old sections of the city rows of houses are seen for a block or so, but they are not uniform, being broken in length and front. Houses of three, four, and five rooms are in clusters everywhere on the ledges above the works, far beyond their smoke and grime, in valleys over which trestle or bridge carries the trolleys to, around, and beyond



STEEL WORKS AT BRADDOCK, ON THE MONONGAHELA

The picturesque stern-wheel steamboat is a familiar sight on the rivers near Pittsburg.

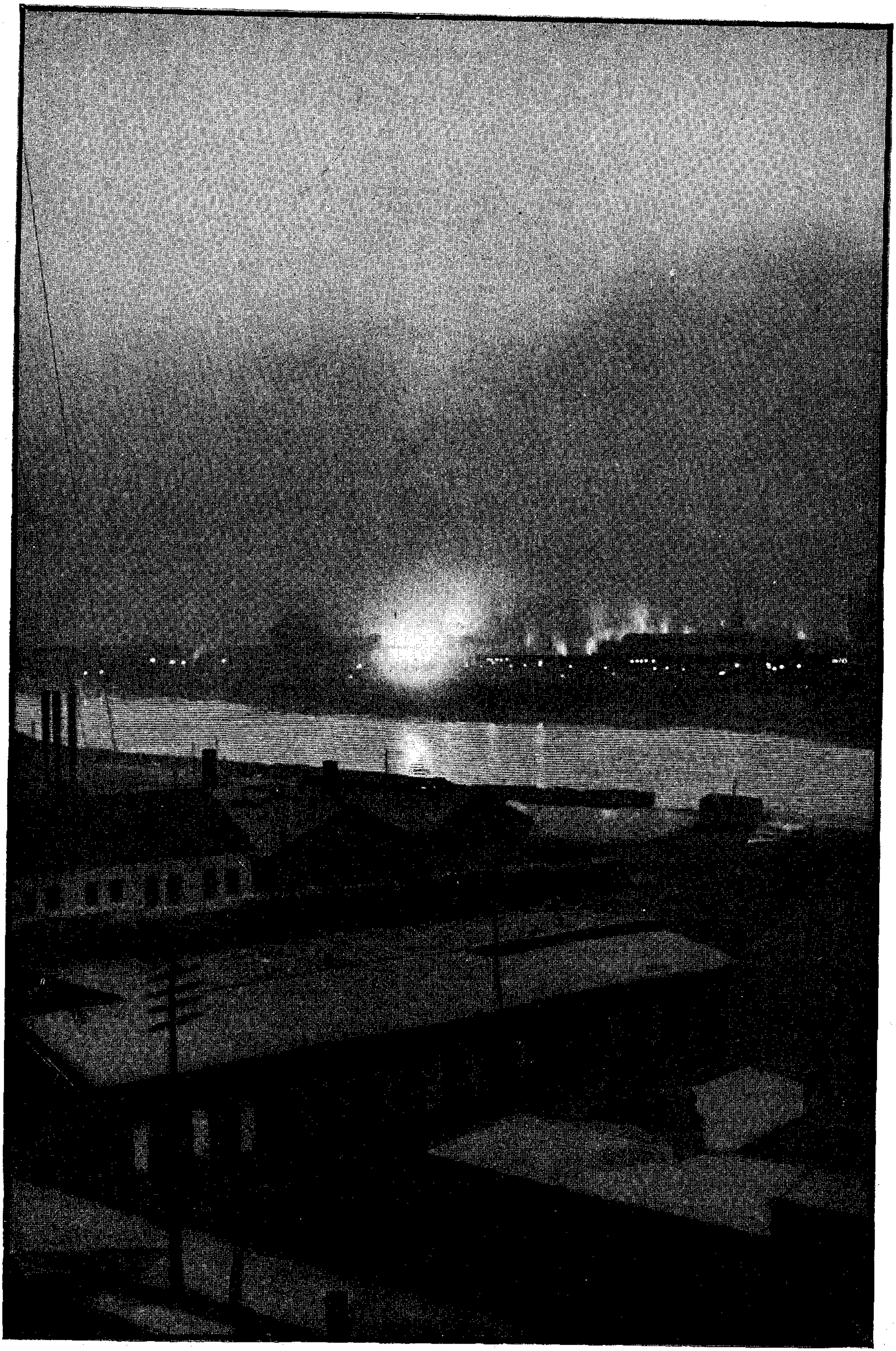
mountains that hide the smoke and the flashing torch of the greatest industry the world has ever known. These houses represent the workingmen of every grade. Sometimes dilapidated, reached by rickety stairs that nothing but hourly familiarity enables one to use without fear and trembling, hanging on banks which they threaten to bring down by their own weight, standing on terraced hillsides surrounded by tidy grassplots, sheltered by trees and brightened by flower borders and mounds, these homes of the workingman win the attention of the stranger. Everywhere the pretentious house of the prosperous man, as well as the mansion of wealth and culture, shares the attention; even if they would not, the wealthy people of Pittsburg are forced to know the sections where the working people live. These people are scattered in every part of a city where works and homes have grown together. In the early days they were forced to live close together. To-day the trolley lines have annihilated distance, and labor and capital both find the magnificent suburbs the places for home centers. New centers of industry are developing, and will, in the near future, be a part of this wonderful city.

In spite of the vast differences in wealth, Pittsburg reveals the spirit of democracy in its best sense. Doubtless this is due to the homogeneity of interest. No matter how wide the difference between capital and labor in Pittsburg, it is superficial. Fundamentally their interests are identical. The stability of the great iron and steel industries, on which depend the development and the supremacy of Pittsburg, is of vital importance to both.

Two other distinctive characteristics differentiate Pittsburg from other cities: It is an American city—its signs impress this on a stranger—and it is a city of young men, young families. Houses of every grade show some provision for outdoor life for children. The street is not the playground, except in the older sections. Trees are preserved even where poverty has her tightest grip. A gay plant or two and a tree, if there is earth enough in which to place them, relieve poverty of barrenness. It is this preservation of nature that redeems the poorest sections, where the streets are unpaved and gullied, where houses stand at every angle, from the hopeless bareness of a New York tenement-house block.

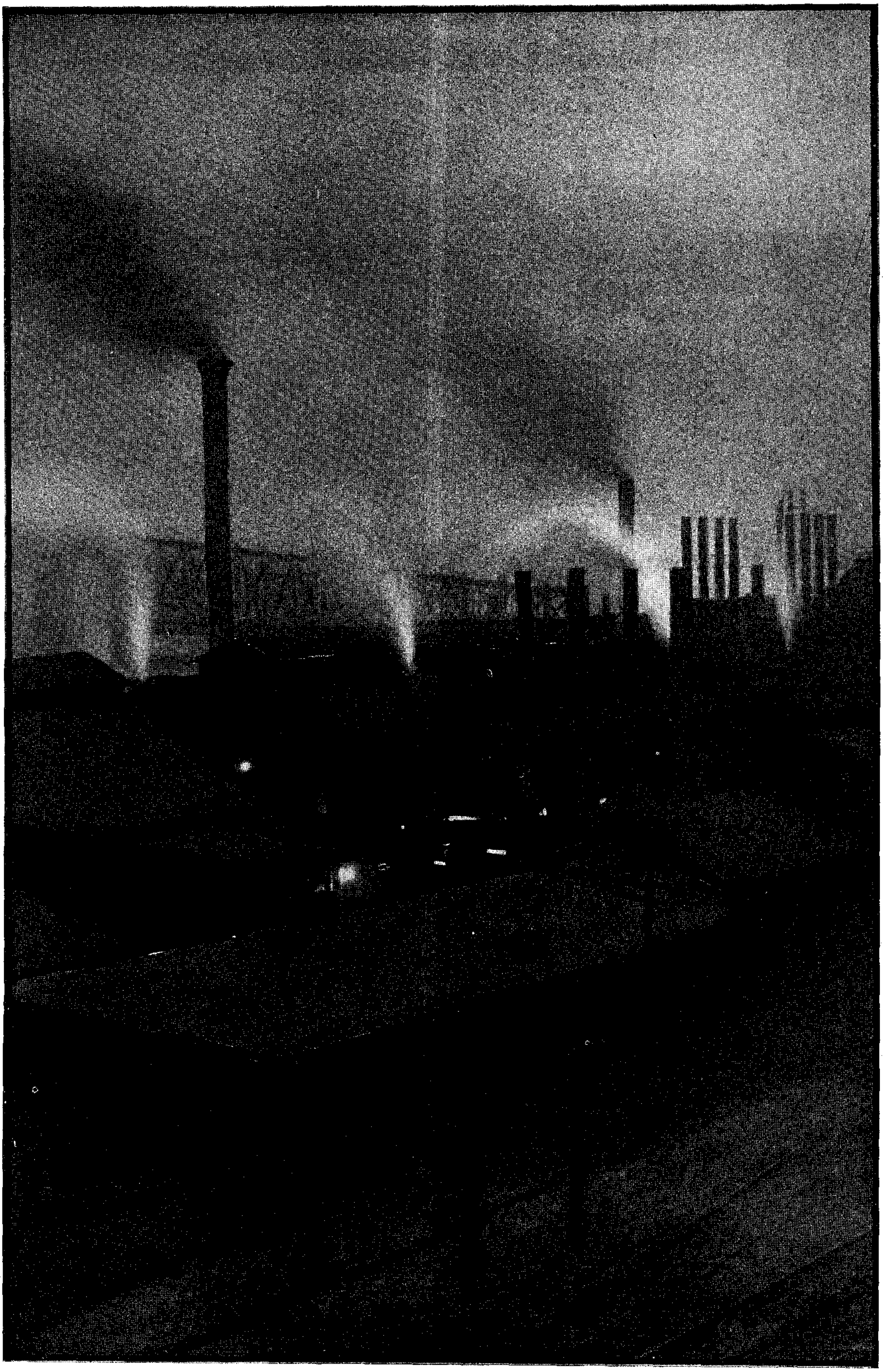
A ride in the trolleys on Sunday through the streets along the rivers, where the great iron and steel works are on one side and the houses of the workingmen on the other, is a series of surprises. Windows with white curtains are open, showing interiors well furnished. The sounds of piano and organ are common; tidy but plainly dressed people are in evidence on every side; except in a few cases, children are plainly dressed, and the consciousness is borne into one that clothes are not the end and aim of the poor man's family in Pittsburg. This fact is emphasized on the week days, when the tidily dressed woman is met everywhere with a market-basket. In and out of stores and cars she wends her way, often with a baby or a young child on one arm. She takes home what she buys; she does her marketing in the morning. These two facts always mark the home-making of the woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household;" the woman whose "children rise up and call her blessed;" the woman whose "husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil."

There are sections of the city and through its suburbs where foreigners have brought conditions that inevitably result in degradation. These are race quite as much as local conditions; they are found in every city to which these races emigrate for their period of money-making before they return to their native lands or start on their commercial career in this country. They are staying, not settling. Here scores of men, in houses barely fit to house the commonest cattle, colonize. Two or three women do the cooking for the colony. Now and then a family is found among them, the women and children moving the heart to pity. In Pittsburg these colonies are sometimes in hollows away from every civilizing influence. One shivers at the thought of the life lived there. Where the interest is commercial, trade the race characteristic, the congestion is in the center of the busiest locality and produces the same problem that such characteristics produce in other cities. Life is hard, the condition far from elevating, but the environment pays some regard to law and order; life is not lived



THE GREAT OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE

The steel works occupy both sides of the river at this point.

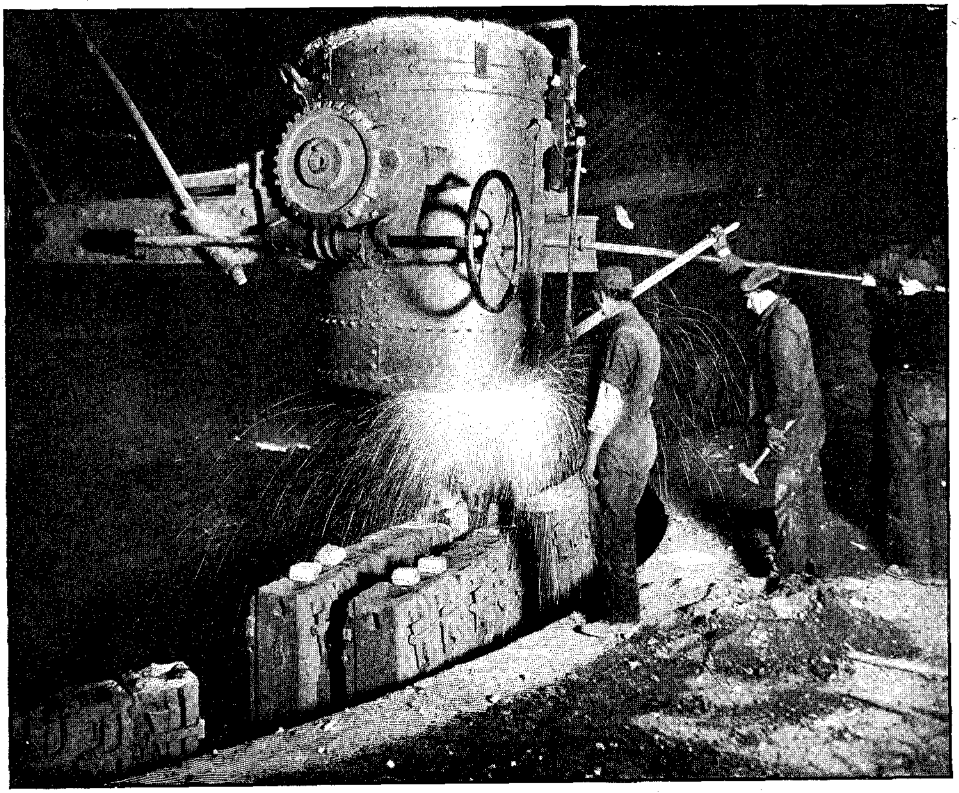


IN THE MIDST OF THE FOUNDRIES

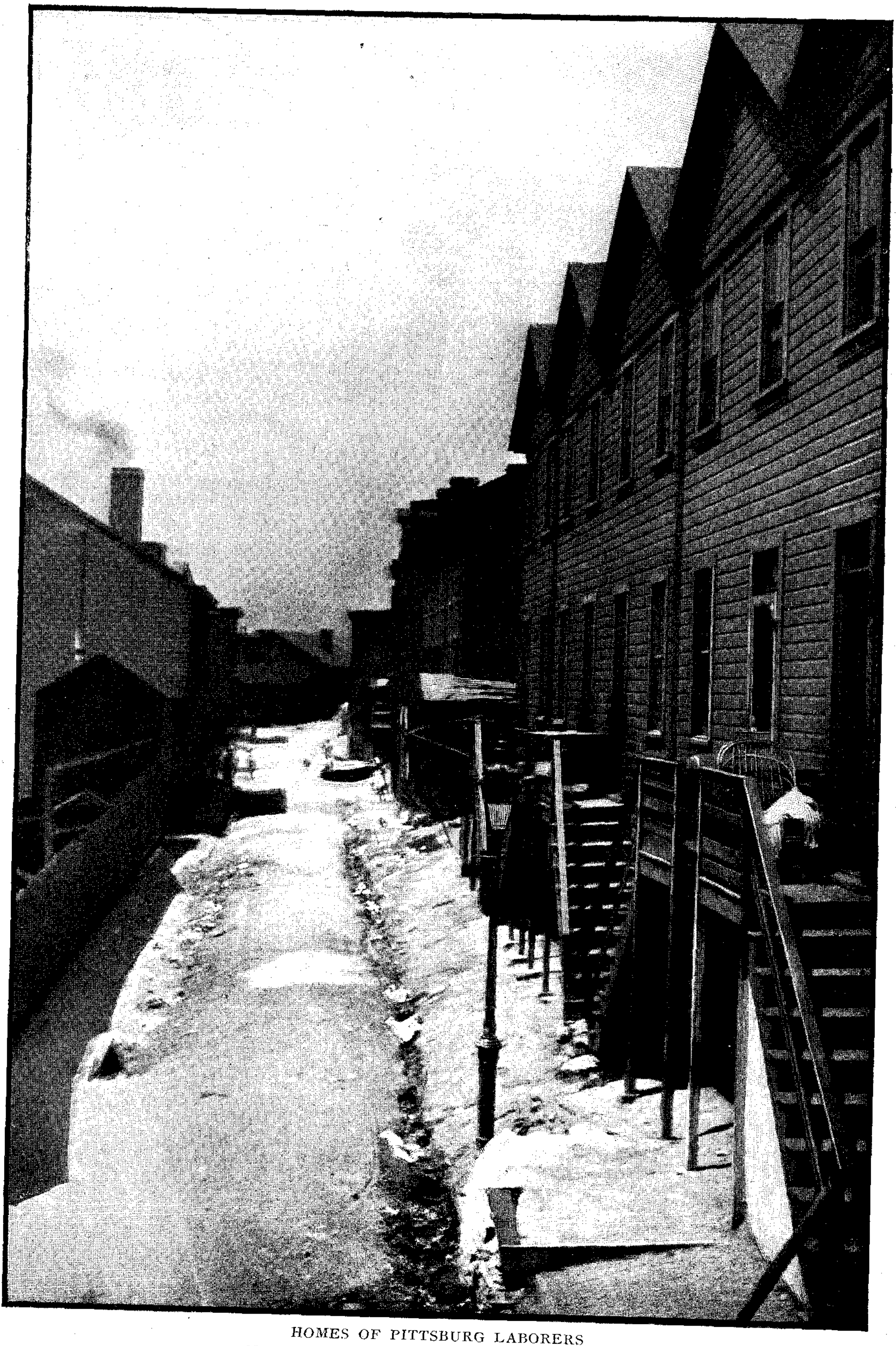
Work in Pittsburg mills goes on by night as well as by day.

at the cattle level. The children breathe in something of the civilization which in Pittsburg pursues them into their homes.

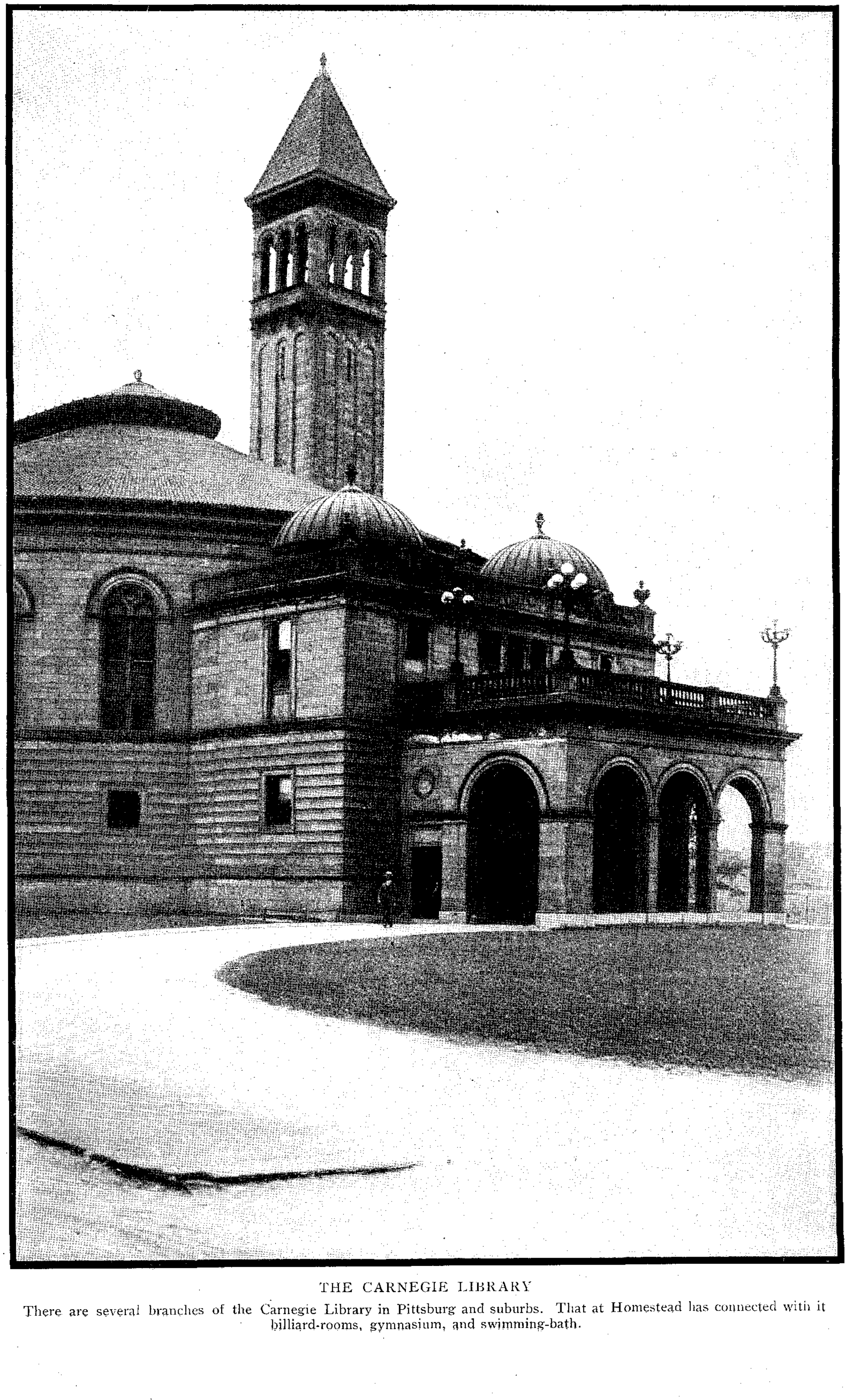
The student of city life learns that the schools are the most sensitive of the city departments, the thermometers of its population. They mark the ebb and flow of the tides, not only of the population, but of races that come and go in the locality of which each school is the center. The schools of Pittsburg differ in no wise in this respect. There are new buildings in the new sections with empty rooms, for the wise City Fathers in this section have learned to build for the future. There are also buildings with empty rooms because the people have gone from the section, prosperity and education taking them into the readily accessible suburbs. One school, close to one of the largest works, standing on a side hill approached over an unpaved street gullied by the waters that come from the hills beyond and in front of it, had only pupils enough to employ one teacher. All the grades from the primary to the preparatory for the high school were represented, and capital work was being done. Friday afternoon the work was elective. The result in drawing, sewing, and writing letters was a credit to the teacher and the children. The new school buildings are impressive. They are well equipped and sanitary. Science has been given an opportunity to prove what it can do in school-building. They have tiled halls, systems of ventilation that cleanse all the air that enters the building, and every class-room has clothes-closets having a large window and marble basins with running water. Every school building stands in well-kept grounds. This is true of the schools in the poorest section, where grass is cultivated and protected, and trees shade the yards. The oldest buildings have clothes-closets ventilated by a window, and running water easily accessible from every room. The degree of cleanliness attained by the people everywhere is astonishing. The children wear white and light-colored wash goods. "We have to wear goods that can be washed to keep clean in Pittsburg," the residents



MOLDING STEEL INGOTS



HOMES OF PITTSBURG LABORERS
Near Second Avenue. One of the less attractive quarters.



THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

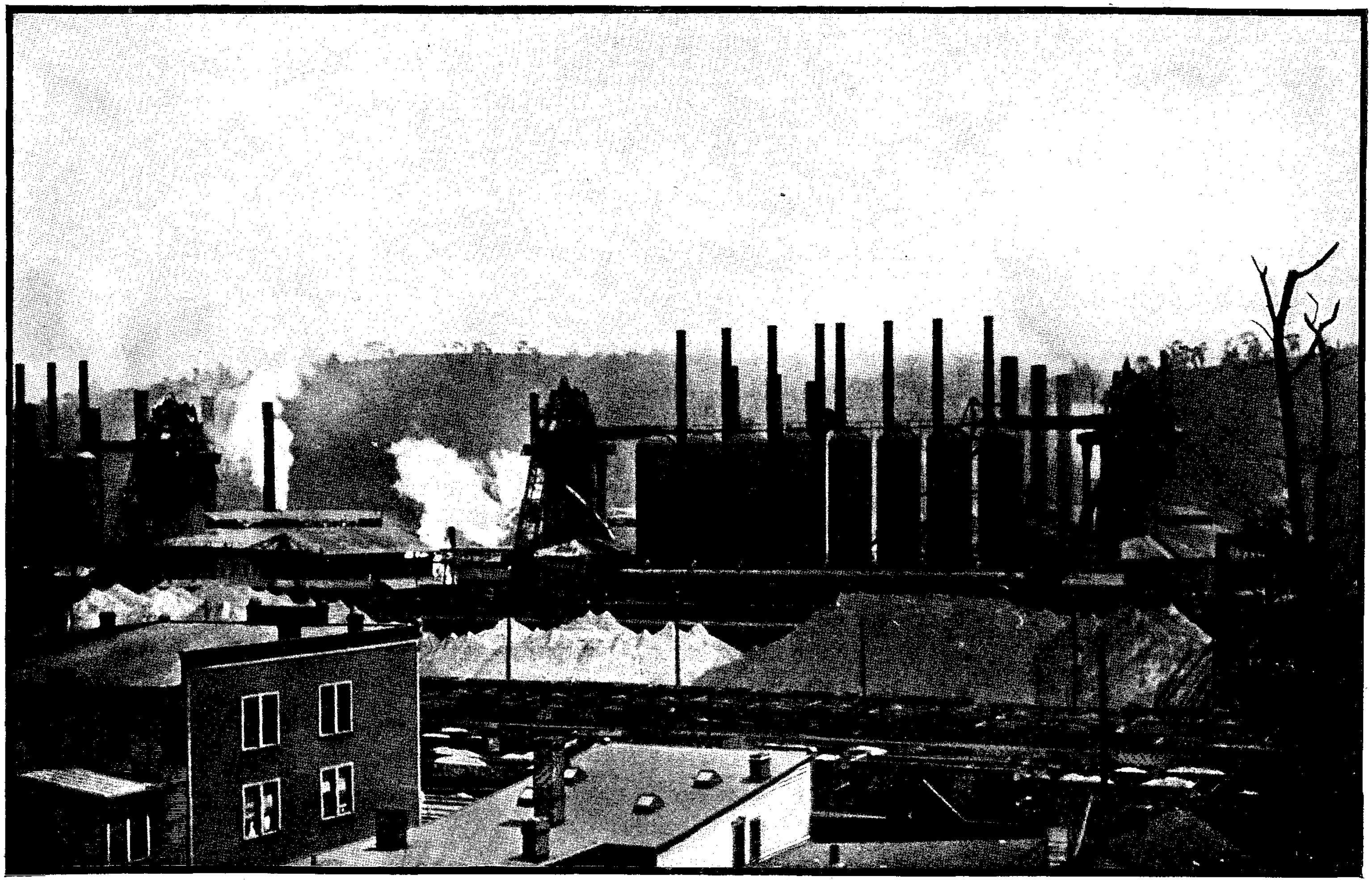
There are several branches of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg and suburbs. That at Homestead has connected with it billiard-rooms, gymnasium, and swimming-bath.

THE HOWE SPRING, ON FIFTH AVENUE

This beautiful spring, on one of Pittsburg's fashionable residence streets, is greatly appreciated by the poor, who come long distances to fill jugs and pails with its cold, delicious water.

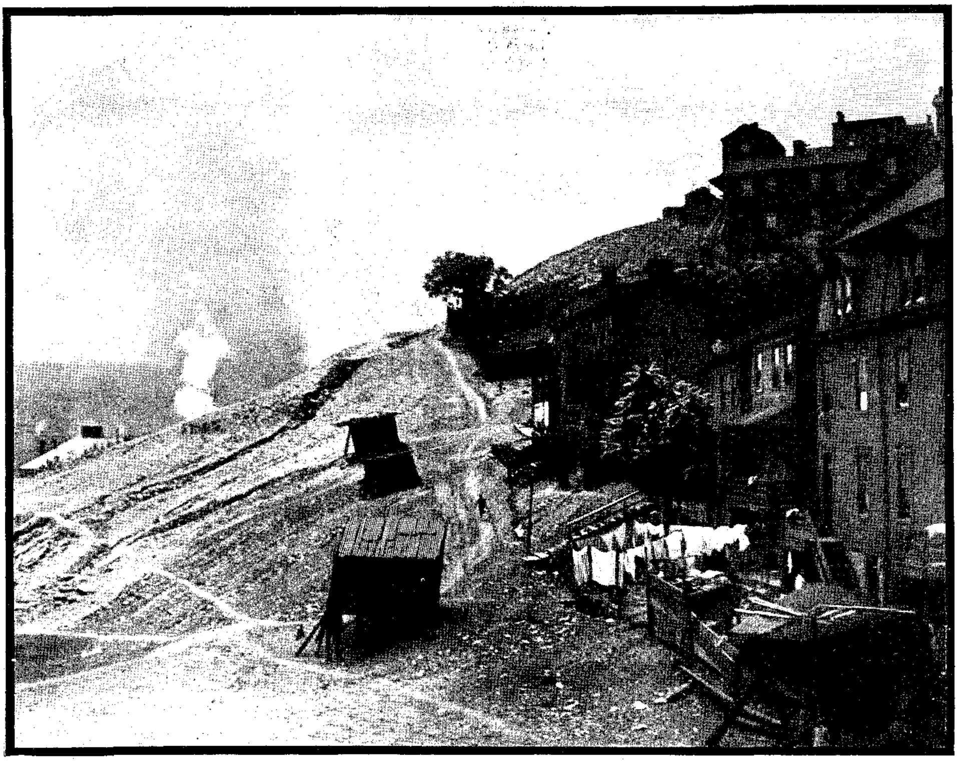
declare, and every day proves this. The workingman sitting on his stoop or porch holding his baby, in a rocker covered by a white or gay washable cover, his shirt thrown back from his neck, reveals a throat and chest white and clean. This personal cleanliness is evident almost without exception in the class-rooms of Pittsburg.

The school system of Pittsburg, as a system, is criticised by some modern educators. The lack of uniformity in the courses of study in the several schools, the liberty given the principals to meet the individual needs of the children under their care, and the adaptation to the local needs which many of the principals have accomplished, have much to recommend them to the lay observer, who always sees a school from the children's standpoint, especially the children who must become breadwinners at an early age. In Pittsburg the emphasis is laid on elementary training. Every school has a kindergarten; manual training has a prominent place in the schools, which without doubt lack uniformity, therefore system. That politics plays too freely in the schools is, alas! too true, for the local committee is the unit of school administration. Politics in Pennsylvania just now is king. The signs



THE DUQUESNE FURNACES

Duquesne is a few miles south of Pittsburg, and is one of the almost continuous line of iron-manufacturing towns from Pittsburg to McKeesport, all connected by trolley lines.

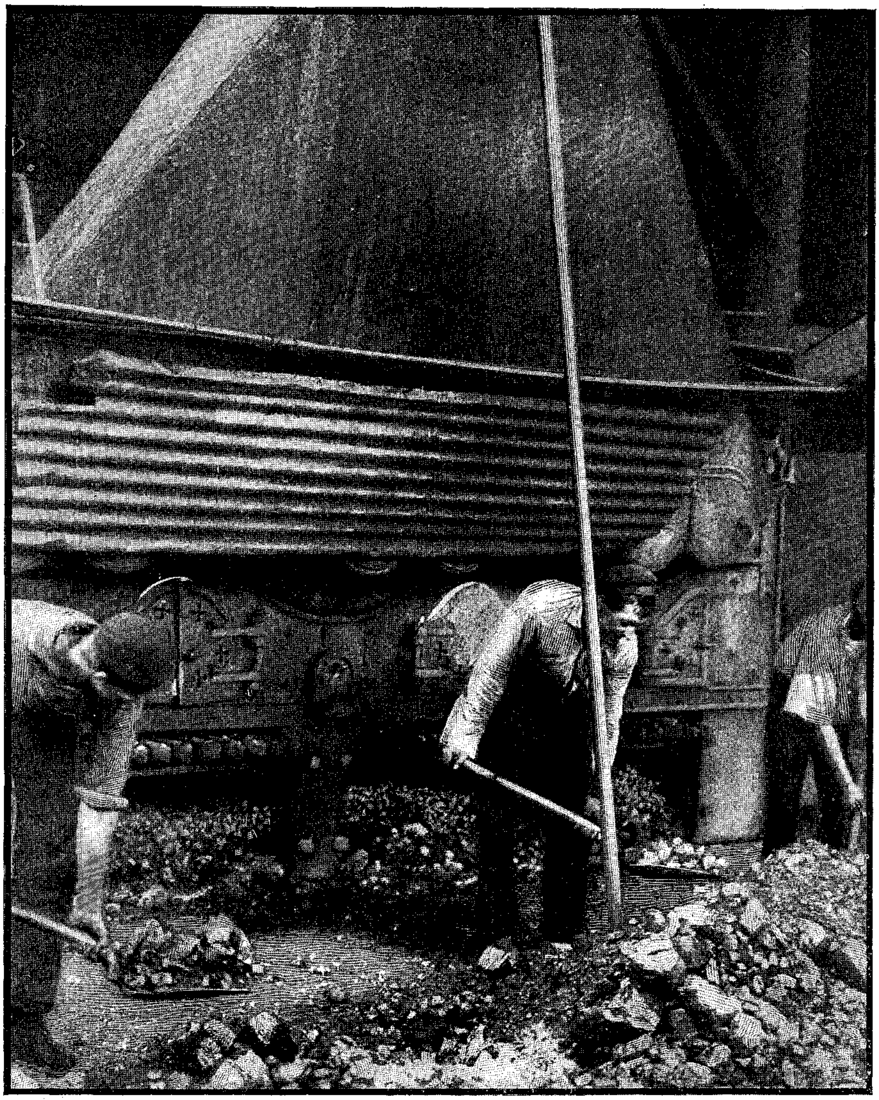


HILLSIDE HOMES OF THE WORKERS

Pittsburg is a city of hills, and workers as well as capitalists have homes in "sightly" situations.

of the times are that the people are being aroused, and will regain their sovereignty at no distant date. The schools are always the last of the city's charges to throw off the political shackles. The residents of Pittsburg and its suburbs can never get beyond the influence of churches and libraries. They, with the schools, are found in the newest as well as the oldest sections. The opportunity for educational advantages that keeps so many families in densely populated centers need not hold them in Pittsburg or in Allegheny. The latter is the sister city of Pittsburg in interest and development; what is said of one city applies with little modification to the other. Magnificent suburbs, easily accessible by bridges across the rivers, by trolley, and by the inclined railroads, offer every inducement to the wage-earners to live away from the business and working centers. The building of the largest of the iron and steel and electric plants in the outlying boroughs has peopled a great region. For miles beyond the limits of the two cities residence centers have grown, where the houses are owned by the men living in them. To own his own home is the ambition of the workingman of Pittsburg. His wife does her own housework, even when his wages equal the income of professional men elsewhere. The broad front piazza, having comfortable chairs, a table, often a rug or square of gay matting, will be occupied by a family group, the center of which is a strong, rugged man in his shirt-sleeves and a comfortable-looking, tidily dressed wife and mother, who is still wearing her gingham apron, for the work is not all done. It is this frankness and lack of pretense that makes one of the greatest charms of Pittsburg. Miles of her streets are lined with stately mansions in park-like surroundings, but there is the same evidence of home enjoyment of family life that is characteristic of the true American.

The College Settlement of Pittsburg, Kingsley House, is an old mansion and stands on a bluff. It is in a center that offers every inducement to the settlement worker. Pittsburg has a woman's club owning its own building, which is the center of much activity in civic affairs. A playground association maintains eleven play-



THE MEN WHO KEEP THE FIRES GOING

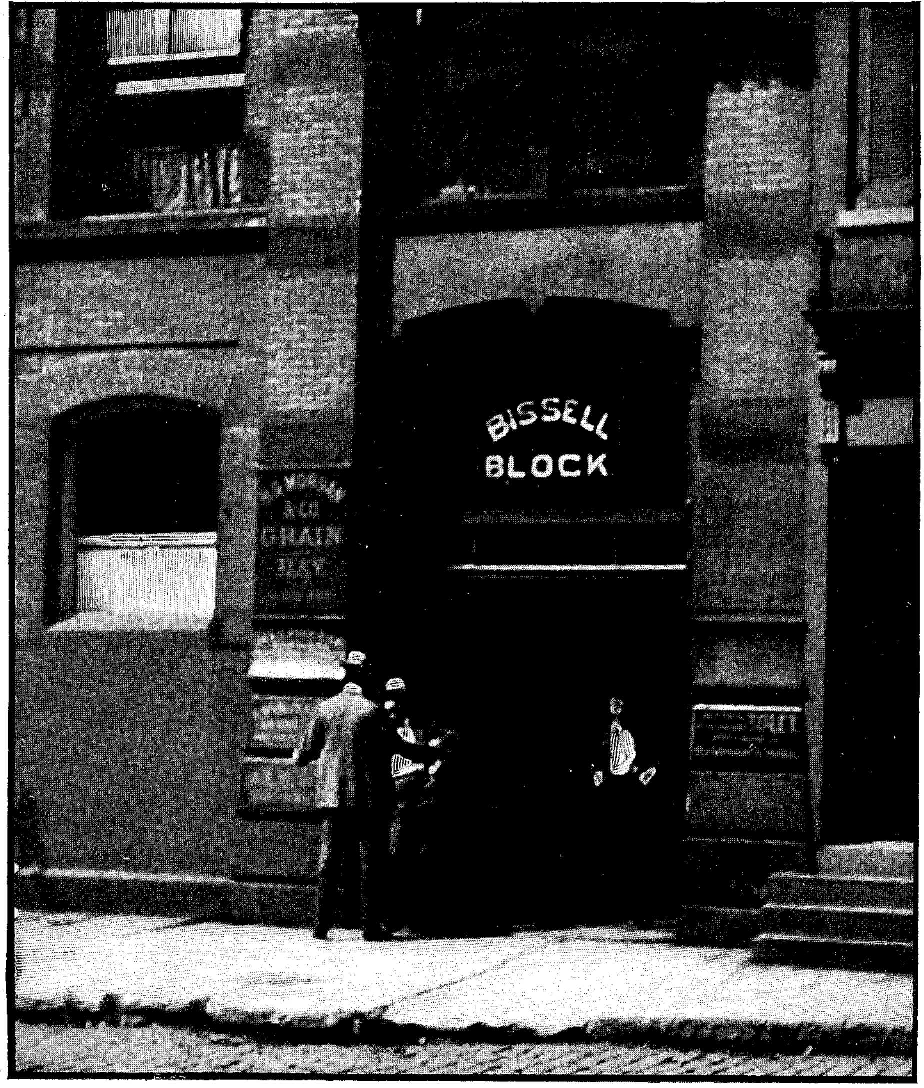
grounds, each with a trained kindergartner in charge, and a vacation school, so ably conducted as to be a model school. Every agency common in the Church and the philanthropic world elsewhere is found in Pittsburg. One comment made is: "You can get money for anything in Pittsburg that is conducted on business principles and really needed. You never lack money."

There is a Mecca for every visitor to the region, the great Carnegie Institute. This building stands at the entrance to Schenley Park—the gift of a woman to the city. Just within the park stands the Phipps Conservatory, another center of education and recreation. One car-fare takes a passenger from any part of the city or its miles of suburbs and centers of industry to this center of education and recreation.

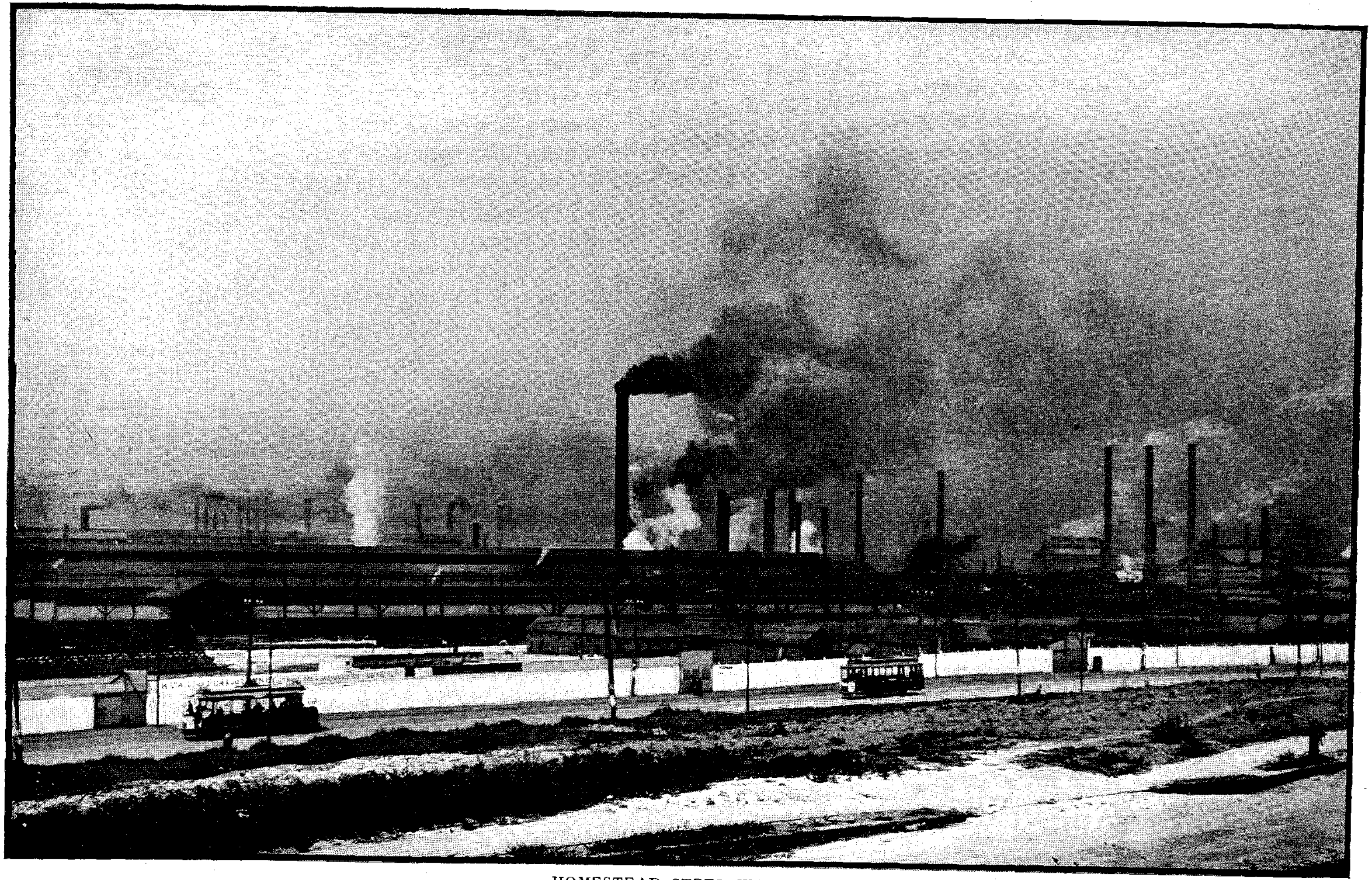
Under the roof of the Carnegie Institute are the Library, the Museum of Art, the Museum of Natural History, the great Music Hall, and smaller halls used by the Art Students' League and similar organizations.

The Library was opened in 1895; since that date it has contributed to the higher life of a people who by their receptivity have justified the penetration and wisdom of Mr. Carnegie. The city each year has appropriated more money for the use of the Library than was stipulated in the conditions of the gift, a generosity meeting the warm approval of the people. The two Museums and the Library, which are open daily from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays 2 to 6 P.M., are familiar institutions to the people, who show in their every movement when in the building that they are using their own with care and with the pride of ownership. The Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon concerts have averaged an attendance of sixteen hundred. Every social rank is represented. The audiences listen not only with pleasure but intelligently to programmes unrivaled in their scope. Cloak-rooms are provided, and the women in the audience are, for the most part, unbonneted. Lectures on music and musicians are given. Pittsburg boasts its own orchestra. The musical development of the people is the evidence of their culture.

The first year the Library was opened it circulated 270,823 books, or about one book for every resident in the city of Pittsburg. When the Library was planned no provision was made for a children's



WHERE THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION MEETS



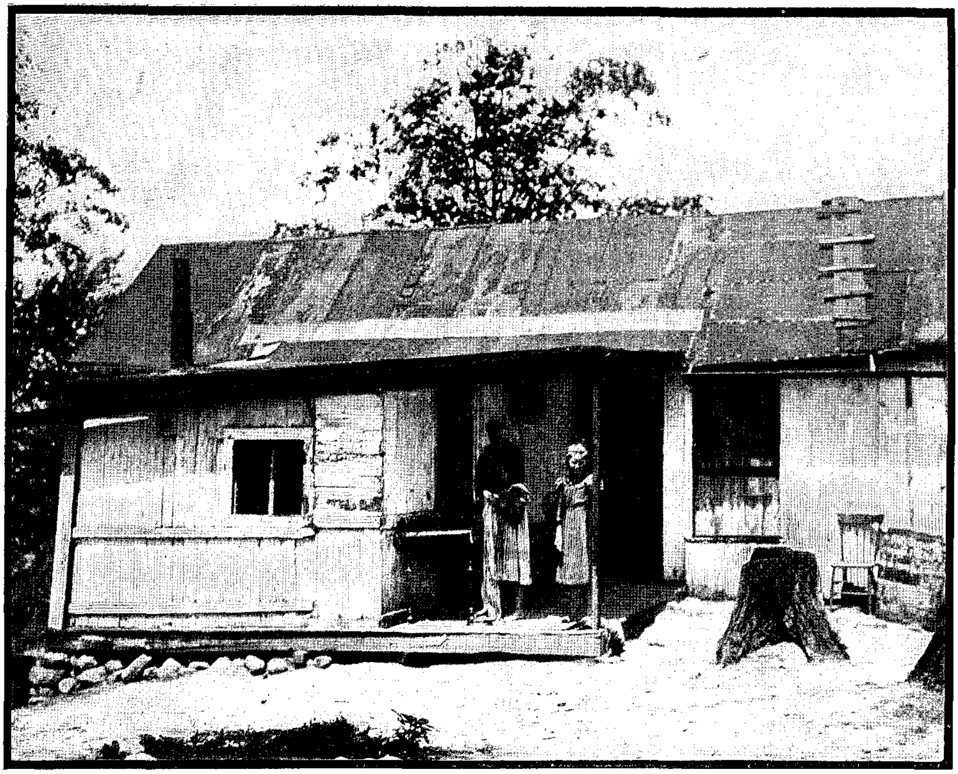
HOMESTEAD STEEL WORKS

A portion only of the great Carnegie plant. At the left, within the inclosure, are the athletic grounds of the Carnegie employees.

PICNICKING IN THE PARK
Kennywood Park, near Braddock and Homestead, is finely situated on the Monongahela, and is largely patronized by the workingmen and their families.

room. This defect was met by setting aside for the use of children one of the periodical rooms. The first year 28,823 books were circulated from this room. Plans to enlarge the building are being made; about $3,000,000 has been given for the purpose. When completed the Library will contain the most beautiful reading-room assigned to the use of children in the world. The enlargement of the building, and a further gift to extend the usefulness of the Library by increasing the department of technical books, to which generous donations have been made each year, will increase its value to workingmen. A reader's assistant, a graduate of one of the leading technical schools and a man of experience, is now on the Library staff.

In all the schools of the city—public, sectarian, and private—are libraries loaned by the Carnegie Library. The books loaned to private schools are subject to recall if needed in the public schools. The organization of the library work in each school is left wholly to the teachers. The Library authorities co-operate with the teachers, and direct only when requested. Each library has its distinctive mark and list of books—a wonderful system, making it possible to tell where each library is and the books in it. Teachers in the schools send a list of the books needed. The lists from the sectarian schools are followed as closely as possible. When all the books cannot be sent, a list of substitutes is submitted to the school for approval or disapproval. The result is, the utmost confidence has grown up between the people and the Library. The work of the Library in the schools is greatly facilitated by a most valuable catalogue, "Graded and Annotated Catalogue of Books in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, for use in the City Schools." Circulating catalogued envelopes of pictures for use in the children's rooms in the Library and the branches, in the class-rooms, home libraries, and children's clubs, have broadened the interests of the children, and greatly aided in the school work of every grade and the



A LABORER'S CABIN ON THE MONONGAHELA

A poor shanty occupied by a thrifty family. Rent $5 per month.

general culture of the people. Framed photographs are loaned in the homes. In the eleven playgrounds one thousand volumes were placed last summer. Ten books were lost.

The home libraries are placed in homes in the poorer sections of the city, and at points remote from the library centers. Some of these are under the care of one of the Library assistants, some under volunteer workers. Some of the home library groups are organized as clubs, with one of the members as librarian. In these groups the effort is made to keep in touch with the grade teachers, that the books may supplement the school work. About one-third of the books in each home library are fiction. The hour or more spent with the home library groups is spent in story-telling, listening to stories retold by the children, and playing games.

A training-school for children's librarians will be opened in the Carnegie Library on September 30.

There are five branches of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg. All are beautiful buildings. Each has an assembly hall which may be used by the people for lectures, concerts, and public meetings; each has a beautiful children's reading-room, having open shelves. Pictures, casts, and special exhibits are a part of the educational attractions. Each children's room is in charge of an attendant who has received special training in children's work. Several of these attendants and of those in charge of the home libraries have been kindergartners. These rooms and the periodical and reference rooms are open every day in the week; on Sundays from 2 to 6 in the main library and the branches. The school-teachers have special privileges in drawing books for class work. The co-operation between the schools and the branch libraries is limited by the schools, never by the Library. Special efforts are made to win the children and working-people to the branches. Reading classes or clubs are maintained; study classes whenever possible; story hours for children; mothers' reading circles. Each library develops along the line that will meet the wishes of its own constituency. There is no limit to the efforts of the Library authorities to win and hold the people.

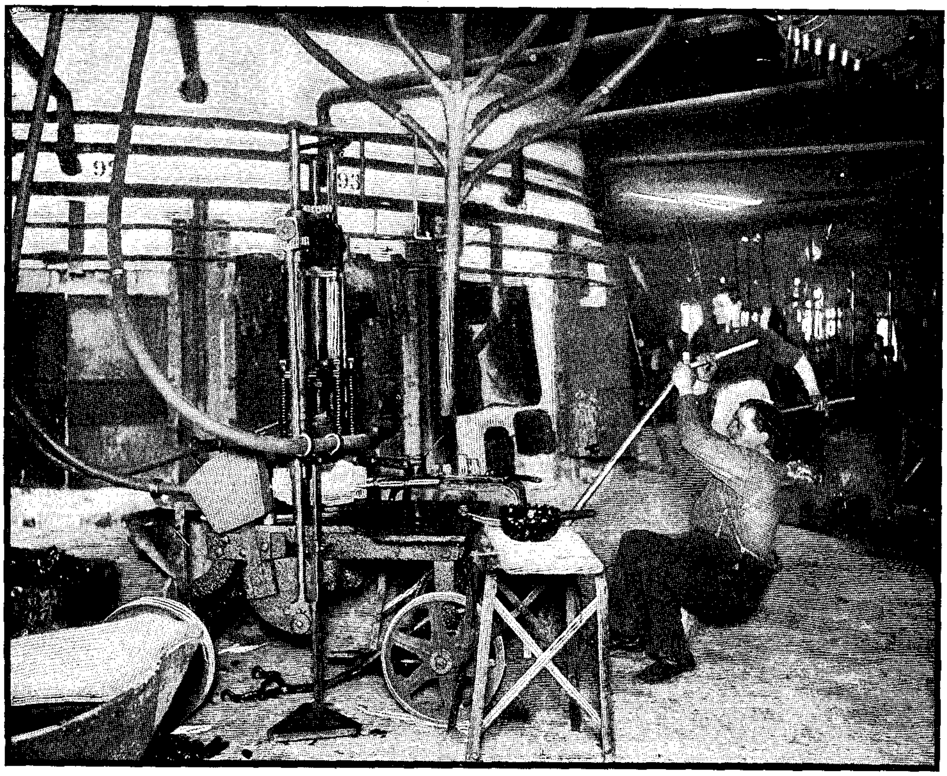
Another department developed to meet the special needs of another section of the community is the making of reference lists for the leading literary clubs. These lists are prepared on single papers as well as on courses of study, and copies are kept on file and prove valuable. Mr. Edward H. Anderson, the librarian, ably seconded by the officers of the trust and the city officials, studies the people as related to the great Library under his care. So perfectly is the relation to the people of the region maintained that every one who draws a book is made to feel that his personal view of the Library is important. The management is as noble and generous as the gift.

There is every indication at present that the Carnegie Schools of Applied Science will be located on grounds almost adjoining the Carnegie Institute. The scope of this school is but an indication of the foresight that has made Pittsburg.

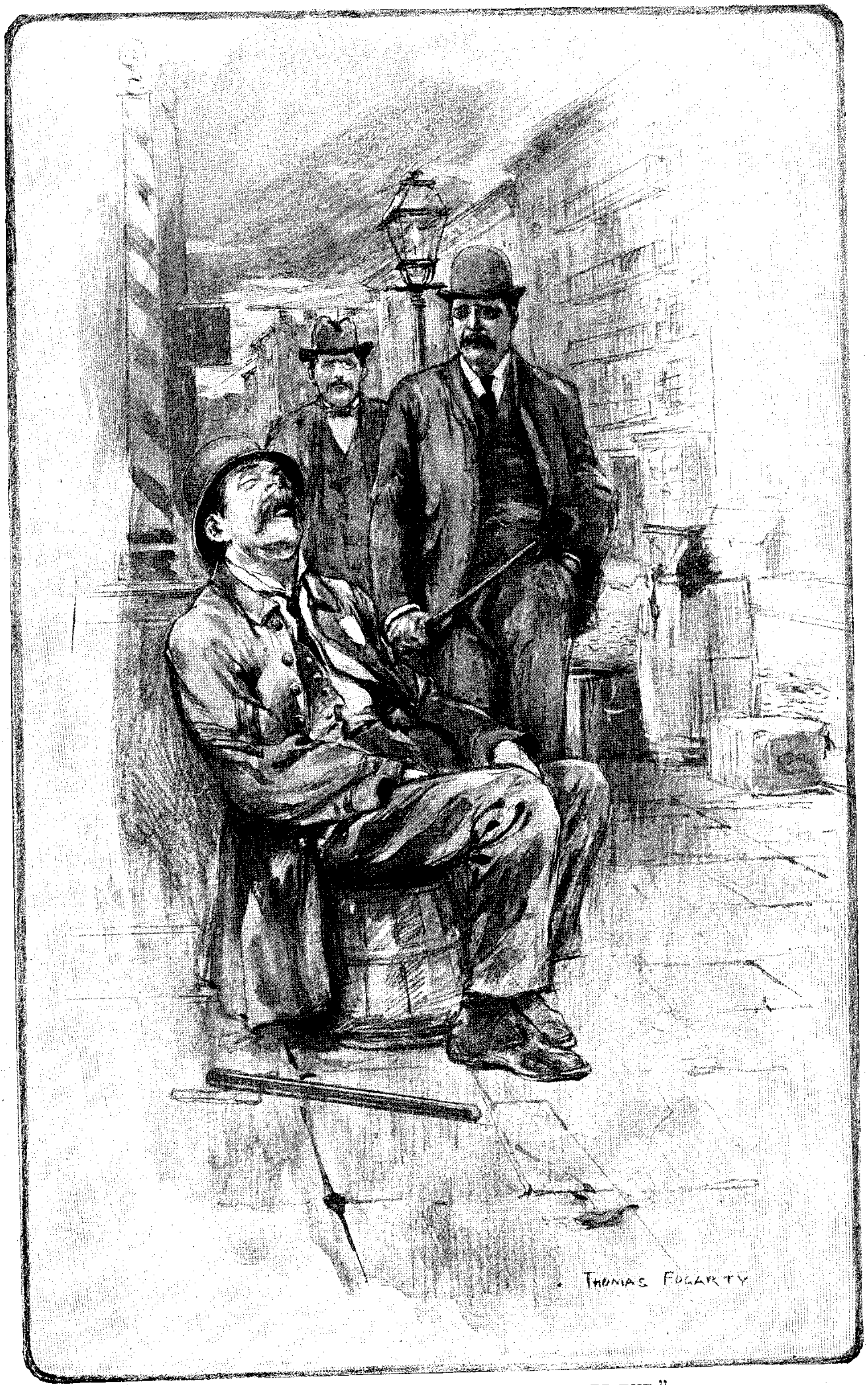
The schools will include a Technical College, Experimental Shops and Laboratories, Technical High Schools for boys and girls, and the Artisans' Day and Evening Classes. That the school shall meet the needs of the whole community and the great commercial and industrial interests centering in the region was the intention of Mr. Carnegie. The consulting and the local committees, composed of men eminent in the educational, the business, and the technical world, are determined to be equal to the opportunity the princely gift makes possible. It was given to the people. That it shall be established to meet the demands of the whole people is the determination of the committee and trustees.

Shall it be that in Pittsburg the prayer of Paracelsus is to be answered?

Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!
Such is my task.



IN A GLASS FACTORY


THOMAS FOGARTY

"ONE WAS SITTING ASLEEP ON A BUTTER-TUB"
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter XIII.—Roosevelt Comes—Mulberry Street's Golden Age

SEE now how things fall out. Hardly had I sent the chapter to the printer in which I posted proof-readers as enemies of mankind when here comes the proof of the previous chapter with a cordial note of thanks from this particular enemy "for the inspiration" he found in it. So then I was mistaken, as I have been often before, and owe him the confession. Good land! what are we that we should think ourselves always right, or, lest we do wrong, sit idle all our lives waiting for light? The light comes as we work toward it. Roosevelt was right when he said that the only one who never makes mistakes is the one who never does anything. Preserve us from him; from the man who eternally wants to hold the scales even and so never gets done weighing—never hands anything over the counter. Take him away and put red blood into his veins. And let the rest of us go ahead and make our mistakes—as few as we can, as many as we must; only let us go ahead.

All of which has reference to other things I have in mind, not to the proof-reader, against whom I have no grudge to-day. As for him, perhaps he is just a sign that the world moves.

Move it did at last in the year (1894) that gave us the Lexow Investigating Committee, the Citizens' Seventy, and reform. Tammany went out, speeded on its way by Dr. Parkhurst, and an administration came in that was pledged to all that we had been longing and laboring for. For three years we had free hands and we used them. Mayor Strong's administration was not the millennium, but it brought New York much nearer to it than it had ever been, and it set up some standards toward which we may keep on striving with profit to ourselves. The Mayor himself was not a saint. He was an honest gentleman of sturdy purpose to do the right, and, normally, of singular practical wisdom in choosing the men to help him do it, but with an intermittent delusion that he was a shrewd politician. When it came uppermost he made bargains and appointed men to office who did their worst to undo what good the Warings, the Roosevelts, and their kind had wrought. In the struggle that ensued Mayor Strong was always on the side of right, but when he wanted most to help he could not. It is the way of the world. Nevertheless, as I said, it moved.

How far we came is history, plain to read in our streets that will never again be as dirty as they were, though they may not be as clean as Waring left them; in the threescore splendid new school-houses that stand as monuments of those busy years; in the open spots that let the sunlight into the slum where it was darkest and most foul; in the death-rate that came down from 26.32 per thousand of the living in 1887 to 19.53 in 1897. That was the "Ten Years' War" I wrote about and have here before referred to. The three years of the Strong administration saw all

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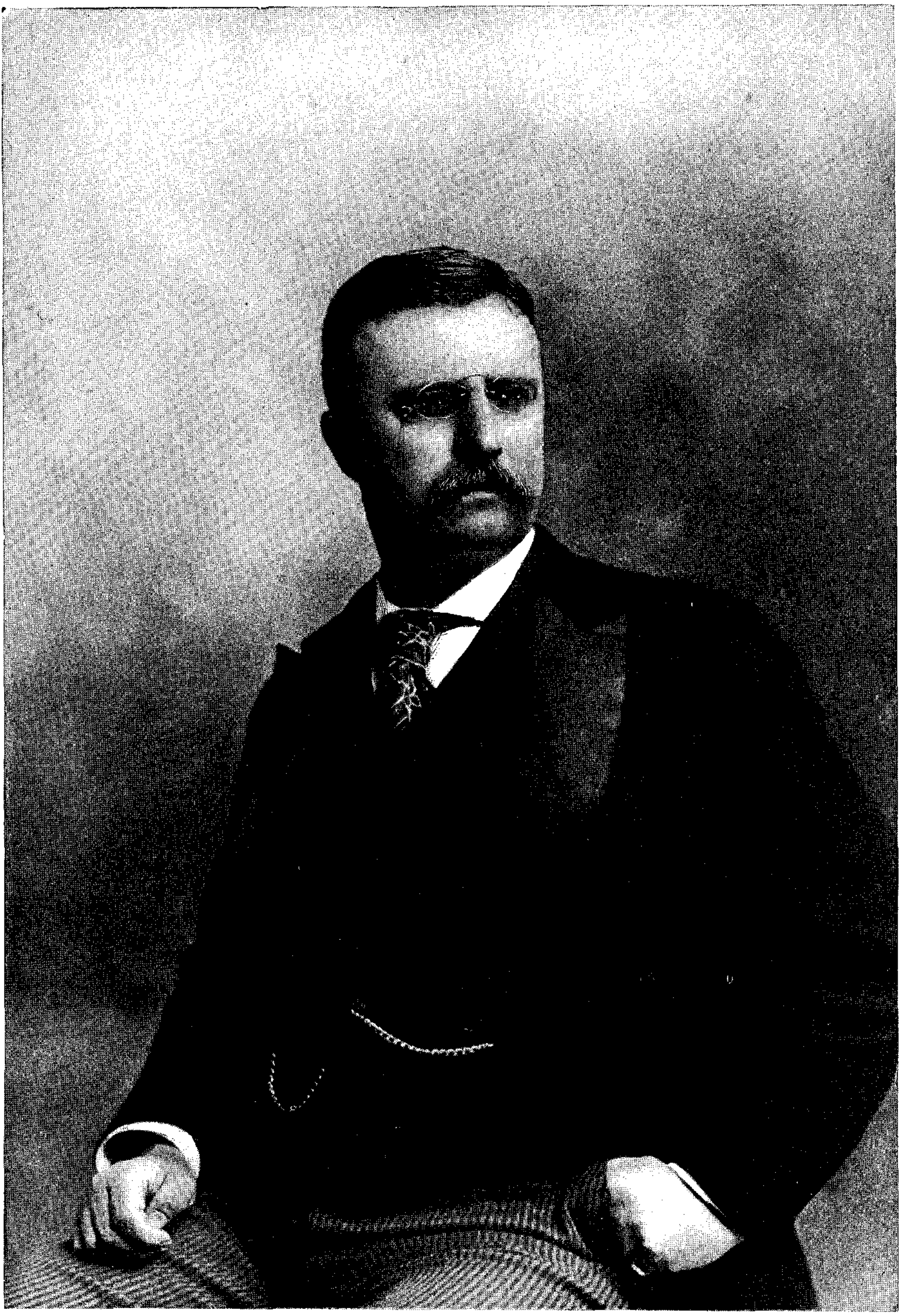
the big battles in which we beat the slum. I am not going to rehearse them, for I am trying to tell my own story, and now I am soon done with it. I carried a gun as a volunteer in that war, and that was all; not even in the ranks at that. I was ever an irregular, given to sniping on my own hook. Roosevelt, indeed, wanted me to have a seat among Mayor Strong's official advisers; but we had it out over that when he told me of it, and the compact we made that he should never ask that service of me he has kept. So he spared the Mayor much embarrassment; for, as I said, I am not good in the ranks, more is the pity; and me he saved for such use as I could be of, which was well. For shortly it all centered in Mulberry Street, where he was.

We were not strangers. It could not have been long after I wrote "How the Other Half Lives" that he came to the "Evening Sun" office one day looking for me. I was out, and he left his card, merely writing on the back of it that he had read my book and had "come to help." That was all, and it tells the whole story of the man. I loved him from the day I first saw him; nor ever in all the years that have passed has he failed of the promise made then. No one ever helped as he did. For two years we were brothers in Mulberry Street. When he left I had seen its golden age. I knew too well the evil day that was coming back to have any heart in it after that.

Not that we were carried heavenward "on flowery beds of ease" while it lasted. There is very little ease where Theodore Roosevelt leads, as we all of us found out. The lawbreaker found it out who predicted scornfully that he would "knuckle down to politics the way they all did," and lived to respect him, though he swore at him, as the one of them all who was stronger than pull. The peace-loving citizen who hastened to Police Headquarters with anxious entreaties to "use discretion" in the enforcement of unpopular laws found it out and went away with a new and breathless notion welling up in him of an official's sworn duty. That was it; that was what made the age golden, that for the first time a moral purpose came into the street. In the light of it everything was transformed.

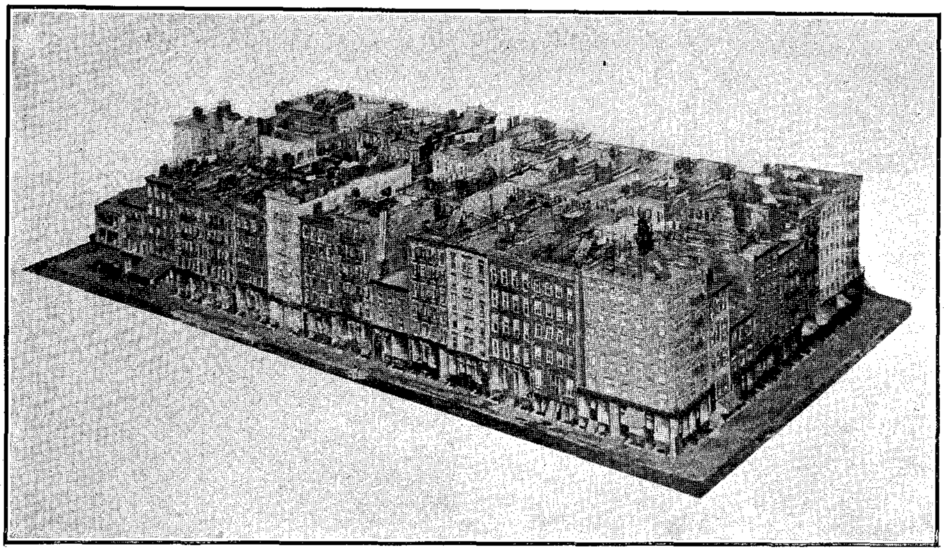
Not all at once. It took us weary months to understand that the shouting about the "enforcement of the dead Excise Law" was lying treachery or rank ignorance, one as bad as the other. The Excise Law was not dead. It was never so much alive as under Tammany, but it was enforced only against those saloon-keepers who needed discipline. It was a Tammany club, used to drive them into camp with; and it was used so vigorously that no less than eight thousand arrests were made under it in the year before Roosevelt made them all close up. Pretty lively corpse, that! But we understood at last, most of us; understood that the tap-root of the police blackmail was there, and that it had to be pulled up if we were ever to get further. We understood that we were the victims of our own shamming, and we grew to be better citizens for it. The police force became an army of heroes—for a season. All the good in it came out; and there is a lot of it in the worst of times. Roosevelt had the true philosopher's stone that turns dross to gold, in his own sturdy faith in his fellow-man. Men became good because he thought them so.

By which I am not to be understood as meaning that he just voted them good—the police, for instance—and sat by waiting to see the wings grow. No, but he helped them sprout. It is long since I have enjoyed anything so much as I did those patrol trips of ours on the "last tour" between midnight and sunrise, which earned for him the name of Haroun al Roosevelt. I had at last found one who was willing to get up when other people slept, including, too often, the police, and see what the town looked like then. He was more than willing. I laid out the route, covering ten or a dozen patrol-posts, and we met at 2 A.M. on the steps of the Union League Club, objects of suspicion on the part of two or three attendants and a watchman who shadowed us as night-prowlers till we were out of their bailiwick. I shall never forget that first morning when we traveled for three hours along First and Second and Third Avenues, from Forty-second Street to Bellevue, and found of ten patrolmen just one doing his work faithfully. Two or three were chatting on saloon corners, and guyed the President of the Board when he asked them if that was what they were there for. One was sitting asleep on a



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, OF THE POLICE BOARD

Photograph by Rockwood.



A TYPICAL EAST SIDE TENEMENT BLOCK

butter-tub in the middle of the sidewalk, snoring so that you could hear him across the street, and was inclined to be "sassy" when aroused and told to go about his duty. Mr. Roosevelt was a most energetic roundsman, and a fair one to boot. It was that quality which speedily won him the affection of the force. He hunted high and low before he gave up his man, giving him every chance. We had been over one man's beat three times, searching every nook and cranny of it, and were reluctantly compelled to own that he was not there, when the "boss" of an all-night restaurant on Third Avenue came out with a club as we passed and gave the regulation signal raps on the sidewalk. There was some trouble in his place. Three times he repeated the signal calling for the patrolman on the beat before he turned to Roosevelt, who stood by, with the angry exclamation:

"Where in thunder does that copper sleep? He orter'd tole me when he giv' up the barber-shop, so's a feller could find him."

We didn't find him then, but he found the President of the Board later on when summoned to Police Headquarters to explain why he had changed his sleeping quarters. The whole force woke up as a result of that night's work, and it kept awake those two years, for, as it learned by experience, Mr. Roosevelt's spectacles might come gleaming around the corner at any hour. He had not been gone a year before the Chief found it necessary to transfer half the force in an uptown precinct to keep it awake. The firemen complained that fires at night gained too much headway while the police slept. There was no Roosevelt to wake them up.

Looking after his patrolmen was not the only errand that took him abroad at night. As Police President, Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the Health Board, and sometimes it was the tenements we went inspecting when the tenants slept. He was after facts, and learned speedily to get them as he could. When, as Governor, he wanted to know just how the Factory Law was being executed, he came down from Albany and spent a whole day with me personally investigating tenements in which sweating was carried on. I had not found a Governor before, or a Police President either, who would do it; but so he learned exactly what he wanted to know, and what he ought to do, and did it.

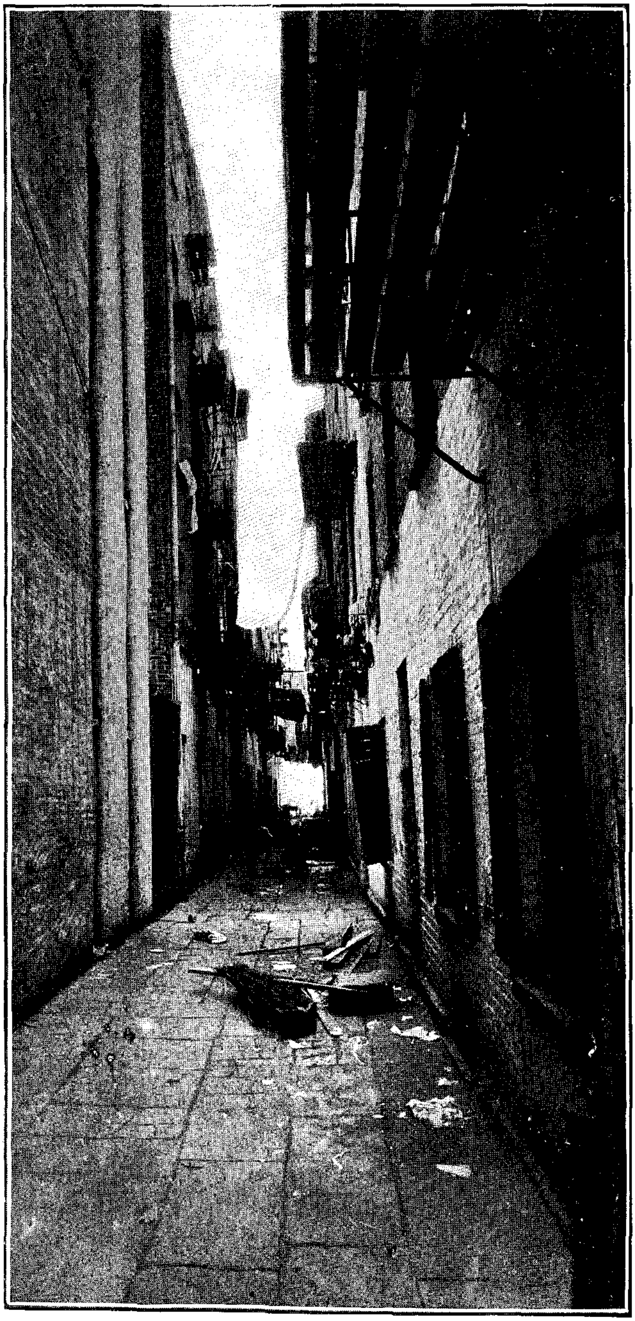
I never saw Theodore Roosevelt to better advantage than when he confronted the labor men at their meeting-place, Clarendon Hall. The police were all the time having trouble with strikers and their "pickets." Roosevelt saw that it was because neither party understood fully the position of the other, and, with his usual directness, sent word to the labor organizations that he would like to talk it over with them. At his request I went with him to the meeting. It developed almost immediately that the labor men had taken a wrong measure of the man. They met him as a politician playing for points, and hinted at trouble unless their demands were met. Mr. Roosevelt broke them off short:

"Gentlemen!" he said, with that snap of the jaws that always made people listen, "I asked to meet you, hoping that we might come to understand one another. Remember, please, before we go further, that the worst injury any one of you can do to the cause of labor is to counsel violence. It will also be worse for himself. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now we can proceed."

I was never so proud and pleased as when they applauded him to the echo. He reddened with pleasure, for he saw that the best in them had come out on top, as he expected it would.

It was of this incident that a handle was first made by Mr. Roosevelt's enemies in and out of the Police Board—and he had many—to attack him. It happened that there was a music hall in the building in which the labor men met. The yellow newspapers circulated the lie that he went there on purpose to see the show, and the ridiculous story was repeated until actually the liars persuaded themselves that it was so. They would not have been able to understand the kind of man they had to do with, had they tried. Accordingly they fell into their own trap. It is a tradition of Mulberry Street that the notorious Seeley dinner raid was planned by his enemies in the department of which he was the head, in the belief that they would catch Mr. Roosevelt there. The diners were supposed to be his "set."

Some time after that I was in his office one day when a police official of superior rank came in and requested private audience with him. They stepped aside and



GOTHAM COURT

Destroyed as a hopeless slum.

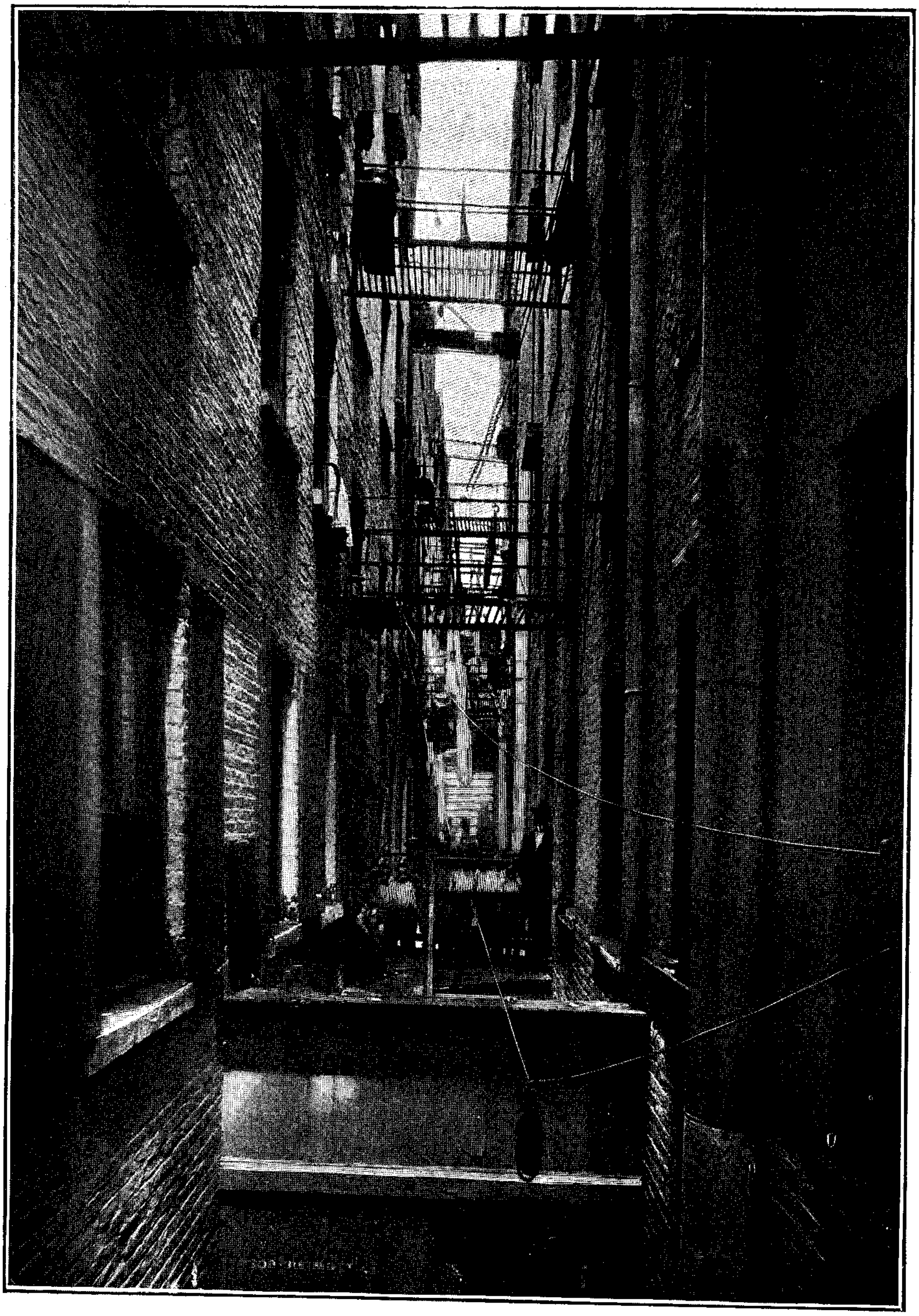
the policeman spoke in an undertone, urging something strongly. Mr. Roosevelt listened. Suddenly I saw him straighten up as a man recoils from something unclean and dismiss the other with a sharp: "No, sir! I don't fight that way." The policeman went out crestfallen. Roosevelt took two or three turns about the floor, struggling evidently with strong disgust. He told me afterward that the man had come to him with what he said was certain knowledge that his enemy could that night be found in a known evil house uptown, which it was his alleged habit to visit. His proposition was to raid it then and so "get square." To the policeman it must have seemed like throwing a good chance away. But it was not Roosevelt's way; he struck no blow below the belt. In the Governor's chair afterward he gave the politicians whom he fought, and who fought him, the same terms. They tried their best to upset him, for they had nothing to expect from him. But they knew and owned that he fought fair. Their backs were secure. He never tricked them to gain an advantage. A promise given by him was always kept to the letter.

Failing to trap him only added to the malignity of his enemies. Mr. Roosevelt was warned that he was "shadowed" night and day, but he laughed their scheming to scorn. It is an article of faith with him that an honest man has nothing to fear from plotters, and he walked unharmed among their snares. The whole country remembers the year-long fight in the Police Board and Mayor Strong's vain attempt to remove the obstructionist who, under an ill-conceived law, was able to hold up the scheme of reform. Most of the time I was compelled to stand idly by, unable to help. Once I eased my feelings by telling Commissioner Parker in his own office what I thought of him. I went in and shut the door, and then told it all to him. Nor did I mince matters; I might not get so good a chance again. Mr. Parker sat quite still, poking the fire. When I ceased at last, angry and exasperated, he looked up and said calmly:

"Well, Mr. Riis, what you tell me has at least the merit of frankness."

You see how it was. I should never have been able to help in the Board. Out of it, my chance came at last when it was deemed necessary to give the adversary "a character." Mr. Roosevelt had been speaking to the Methodist ministers, and as usual had carried all before him. The community was getting up a temper that would shortly put an end to the deadlock in the Police Board and set the wheels of reform moving again. Then one day we heard that Commissioner Parker had been invited by the Christian Endeavorers of an uptown church to address them on "Christian Citizenship." That was not consecrated common sense. I went to the convention of Endeavorers the next week and told them so. And I made them send a despatch to Governor Black then and there indorsing Roosevelt and Mayor Strong, and urging him to end the deadlock that made public scandal by removing Commissioner Parker. I regret to say that I felt compelled to take a like course with the Methodist ministers, for so I grieved a most good-natured gentleman, Colonel Grant, who was Mr. Parker's ally in the Board. Grant was what was described as "a great Methodist." But I feel sure that Brother Simmons would have approved of me. I was following the course he laid down. The one loyal friend Mr. Roosevelt had in the Board was Avery D. Andrews, a strong, sensible, and clean young man, who stood by his chief to the last, and left with him a good mark on the force.

The yellow newspapers fomented most industriously the trouble in the Board, never failing to take the wrong side of any question. One of them set about doling out free soup that winter, when work was slack, as a means, of course, of advertising its own "charity." Of all forms of indiscriminate almsgiving, that is the most offensive and most worthless, and they knew it, or they would not have sent me a wheedling invitation to come and inspect their "relief work," offering to have a carriage take me around. I sent word back that I should certainly look into the soup, but that I should go on foot to it. Roosevelt and I made the inspection together. We questioned the tramps in line, and learned from their own lips that they had come from out of town to take it easy in a city where a man did not have to work to live. We followed the pails that were carried away from the "relief station" by children, their contents sometimes to figure afterwards as "free lunch" in the saloon where they had



THE MOTT STREET BARRACKS

THOMAS BYRNES

been exchanged for beer; and, knowing the facts, we denounced the thing as a nuisance. The paper printed testimonials from Commissioners Parker and Grant, who certified from Mulberry Street, which they had not left, that the soup was a noble Christian charity, and so thought it evened things up, I suppose. I noticed, however, that the soup ran out soon after, and I hope we have seen the last of it. We can afford to leave that to Philadelphia, where common sense appears to be drowned in it.

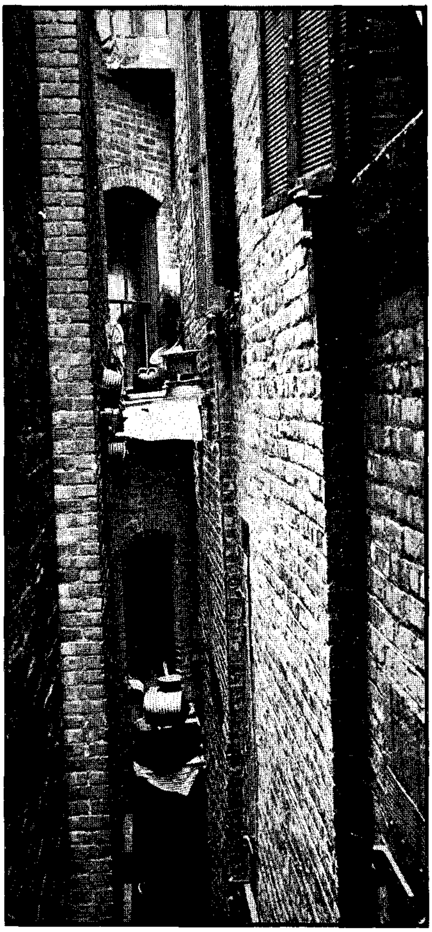
I had it out with them at last all together. When I have told of it, let the whole wretched thing depart and be gone for good. It was after Roosevelt had gone away. That he was not there was no bar to almost daily attacks on him, under which I chafed, sitting at the meetings as a reporter. I knew right well they were intended to provoke me to an explosion that might have given grounds for annoying me, and I kept my temper until one day, when, the subject of dives being mentioned, Commissioner Parker drawled, with the reporter from the soup journal whispering in his ear:

"Was not—er–r—that the place where—er–r—Mr. Roosevelt went to see a show with his friend?"

He was careful not to look in my direction, but the reporter did, and I leaped at the challenge. I waited until the Board had formally adjourned, then halted it as Mr. Parker was trying to escape. I do not now remember what I said. It would not make calm reading, I suspect. It was the truth, anyhow, and came pretty near being the whole truth. Mr. Parker fled, putting his head back through the half-closed door to explain that he "only knew what that reporter told" him. In the security of his room it must have occurred to him, however, that he had another string to his bow; for at the next session Commissioner Grant moved my expulsion because I had "disturbed the Board meeting." But President Moss reminded him curtly that I had done nothing of the kind, and that ended it.

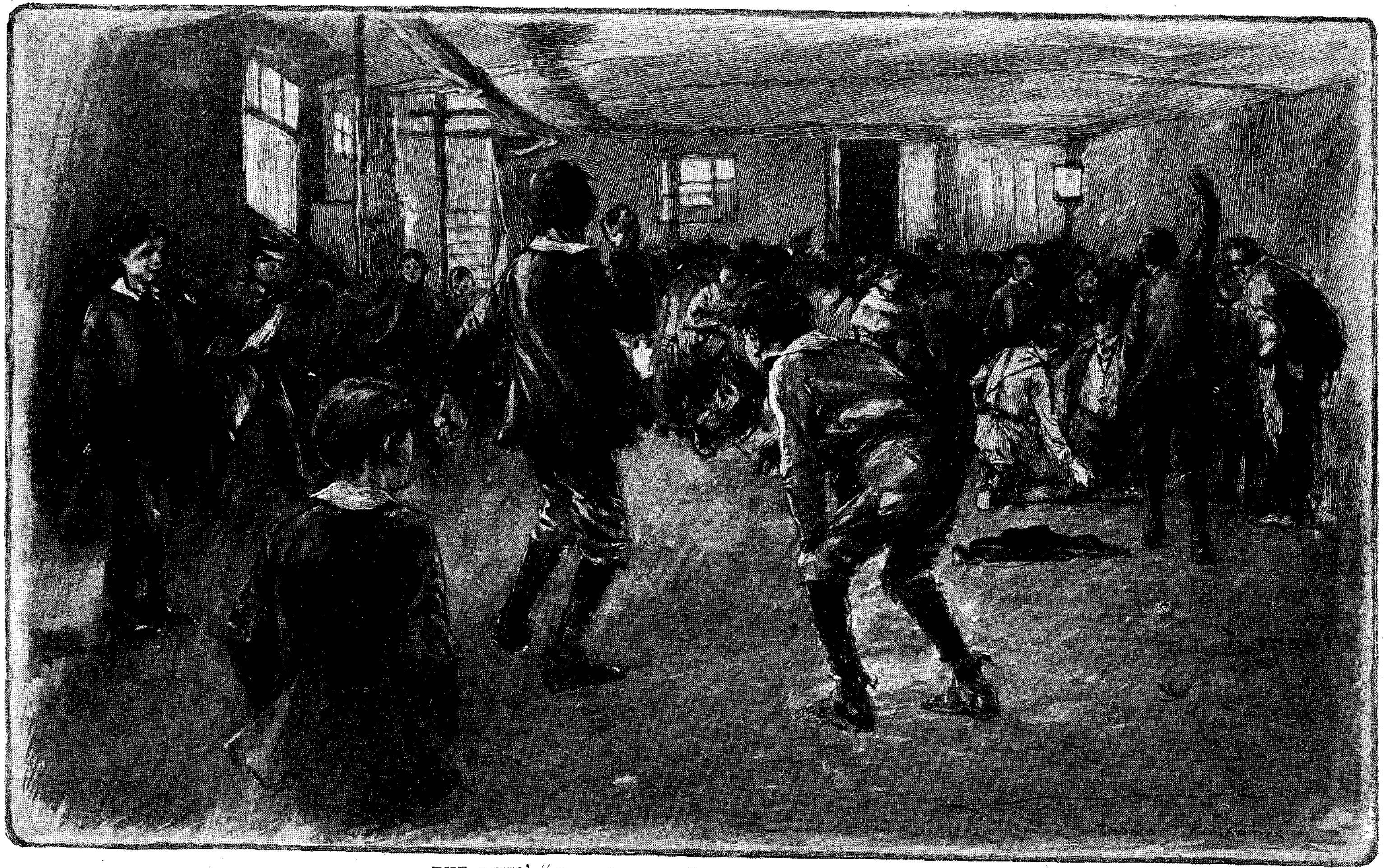
One of the early and sensational results of reform in Mulberry Street was the retirement of Superintendent Byrnes. There was not one of us all who had known him long who did not regret it, though I, for one, had to own the necessity of it, for Byrnes stood for the old days that were bad. But, chained as he was in the meanness and smallness of it all, he was yet cast in a different mold. Compared with his successor, he was a giant every way. Byrnes was a "big policeman." We shall not soon have another like him, and that may be both good and bad. He was unscrupulous, he was for Byrnes—he was a policeman, in short, with all the failings of the trade. But he made the detective service great. He chased the thieves to Europe, or gave them license to live in New York on condition that they did not rob there. He was a Czar, with all an autocrat's irresponsible powers, and he exercised them as he saw fit. If they were not his, he took them anyhow; police service looks to results first. There was that in Byrnes which made me stand up for him in spite of it all. Twice I held Dr. Parkhurst from his throat, but in the end I had to admit that the Doctor was right. I believed that, untrammeled, Byrnes might have been a mighty engine for good, and it was with sorrow I saw him go. He left no one behind him fit to wear his shoes.

Byrnes was a born policeman. Those who hated him said he was also a born tyrant. He did ride a high horse when the fit was on him and he thought it served his purpose. So we came into collision in the early days when he was captain in Mercer Street. They had a prisoner over there with a story which I had cause to believe my rivals had obtained. I went to Byrnes and was thundered out of the station-house. There he was boss and it suited him to let me see it. We had not met before. But we met again that night. I went to the Superintendent of Police, who was a Republican, and, applying all the pressure of the "Tribune," which I served, got from him an order on Captain Byrnes to let me interview his prisoner. Old Mr. Walling tore his hair; said the thing had never been done before, and it had not. But I got the order



THE TENANTS' OUTLOOK

An air-shaft twenty-eight inches wide.



THE BOYS' "PLAYGROUND" IN AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

and got the interview, though Byrnes, black with rage, commanded a policeman to stand on either side of the prisoner while I talked to him. He himself stood by, glaring at me. It was not a good way to get an interview, and, in fact, the man had nothing to tell. But I had my way and I made the most of it. After that Captain Byrnes and I got along. We got to think a lot of each other after a while.

Perhaps he was a tyrant because he was set over crooks, and crooks are cowards in the presence of authority. His famous "third degree" was chiefly what he no doubt considered a little wholesome "slugging." He would beat a thief into telling him what he wanted to know. Thieves have no rights a policeman thinks himself bound to respect. But when he had to do with men with minds he had other resources. He tortured his prisoner into confession in the Unger murder case by locking him up out of reach of a human voice, or sight of a human face, in the basement of Police Headquarters, and keeping him there four days, fed by invisible hands. On the fifth he had him brought up through a tortuous way, where the tools he had used in murdering his partner were displayed on the walls as if by accident. Led into the Inspector's presence by the jailer, he was made to stand while Byrnes finished a letter. Then Byrnes turned his piercing glance upon him with a gesture to sit. The murderer sank trembling upon a lounge, the only piece of furniture in the room, and sprang to his feet with a shriek the next instant: it was the one upon which he had slaughtered his friend, all blood-bespattered as then. He sprawled upon the floor, a gibbering, horror-stricken wretch, and confessed his sin.

As in this instance, so in the McGloin murder case, the moral certainty of guilt was absolute, but the legal evidence was lacking. McGloin was a young ruffian who had murdered a saloon-keeper at a midnight raid on his place. He was the fellow who the night before he was hanged invited the Chief of Detectives to "come over to the wake; they'll have a devil of a time." For six months Byrnes had tried everything to bring the crime home to him, but in vain. At last he sent out and had McGloin and his two "pals" arrested, but so that none of them knew of the plight of the others. McGloin was taken to Mulberry Street, and orders were given to bring the others in at a certain hour fifteen or twenty minutes apart. Byrnes put McGloin at the window in his office while he questioned him. Nothing could be got out of him. As he sat there a door was banged below. Looking out he saw one of his friends led across the yard in charge of policemen. Byrnes, watching him narrowly, saw his cheek blanch; but still his nerve held. Fifteen minutes passed; another door banged. The murderer, looking out, saw his other pal led in a prisoner. He looked at Byrnes. The Chief nodded:

"Squealed, both."

It was a lie and it cost the man his life. "The jig is up, then," he said, and told the story that brought him to the gallows.

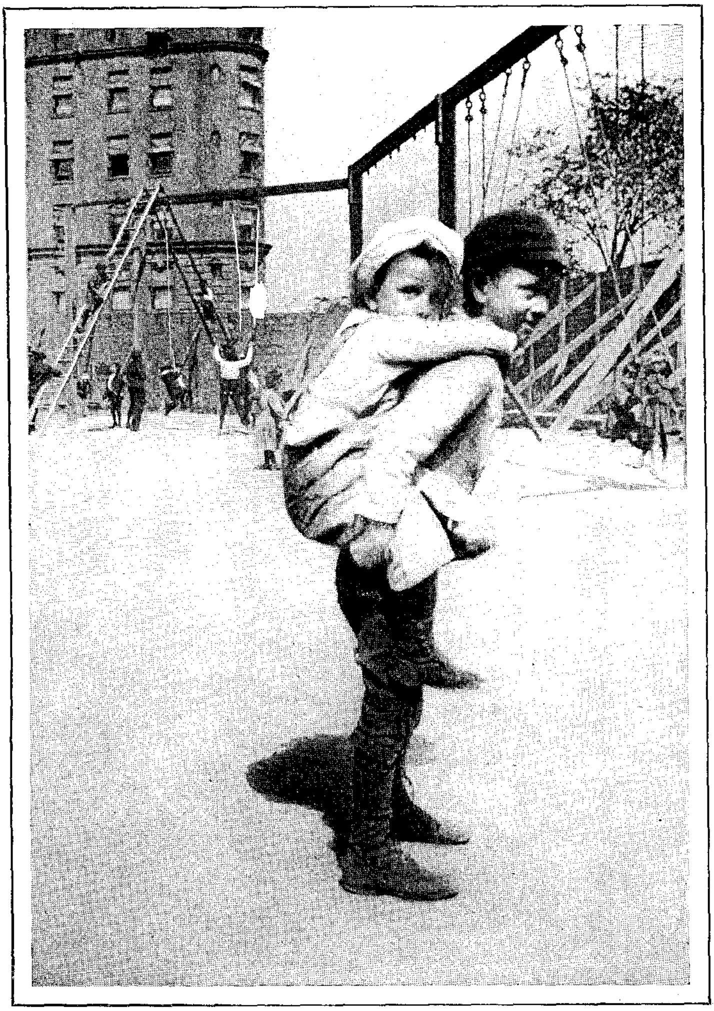
I could not let Byrnes go without a word, for he filled a large space in my life. It is the reporter, I suppose, who sticks out there. The boys called him a great faker, but they were hardly just to him in that. I should rather call him a great actor, and without being that no man can be a great detective. He made life in a mean street picturesque while he was there, and for that something is due him. He was the very opposite of Roosevelt—quite without moral purpose or the comprehension of it, yet with a streak of kindness in him that sometimes put preaching to shame. Mulberry Street swears by him to-day, even as it does, under its breath, by Roosevelt. Decide from that for yourself whether his presence there was for the good or the bad.

In writing "How the Other Half Lives" I had been at great pains not to overstate my case. I knew that it would be questioned, and was anxious that no flaws should be picked in it, for, if there were, harm might easily come of it instead of good. I saw now that in that I had been wise. The Gilder Tenement-House Committee more than confirmed all that I had said about the tenements and the schools. The Reinhardt Committee was even more emphatic on the topic of child labor. I was asked to serve on the Seventy's sub-committee on Small Parks. In the spring of 1896 the Council of Confederated Good Government Clubs appointed me its general agent, and I held the position for a year, giving all my spare time to the planning and carrying out of such work as seemed to me ought to make a record for a reform administration. We wanted it to last. That was a great year. They wanted a positive programme, and my notions of good government were nothing if not positive. They began and ended with the people's life. We tore down unfit tenements, forced the opening of parks and playgrounds, the establishment of a truant school and the remodeling of the whole school system, the demolition of the overcrowded old Tombs and the erection on its site of a decent new prison. We overhauled the civil courts and made them over new in the charter of the Greater New York. We lighted dark halls; closed the "cruller" bakeries in tenement-house cellars that had caused the loss of no end of lives, for the crullers were boiled in fat in the early morning hours while the tenants slept, and when the fat was spilled in the fire their peril was awful. We fought the cable-car managers at home and the recalcitrant School Commissioners at Albany. We backed up Roosevelt in his fight in the Police Board, and—well, I shall never get time to tell it all. But it was a great year. That it did not keep the Good Government clubs alive was no fault of my programme. It was mine, I guess. I failed to inspire them with the faith that was in me. I had been going it alone so long that I did not know how to use the new tool that had come to hand. There is nothing like an organization, if you know how to use it. I did not. Perhaps, also, politics had something to do with it. They were in for playing the game. I never understood it.

But if I did not make the most of it, I had a good time that year. There were first the two small parks to be laid out over on the East Side, where the Gilder Committee had pointed to the smothering crowds. I had myself made a member of the Citizens' Committee that was appointed to locate them. It did not take us any nine years, or six, or three. We did the business in three weeks, and, having chosen the right spots, we had the Legislature make a law authorizing the city to seize the property at once, ahead of condemnation. We were afraid Tammany might come back, and the event proved that we were wise. You bring up the people slowly to a reform programme, particularly when it costs money. They will pay for corruption with a growl, but seem to think that virtue ought always to be had for nothing. It makes the politicians' game easy. They steal the money for improvements, and predict that reform will raise the tax-rate. When the prophecy comes true, they take the people back in their sheltering embrace with an "I told you so!" and the people nestle there repentant. There was a housing conference at which that part of the work was parceled out: the building of model tenements to the capitalists who formed the City and Suburban Homes Company; the erection of model lodging-houses to D. O. Mills, the banker philanthropist, who was anxious to help that way. I chose for the Good Government clubs the demolition of the old tenements. It was my chance. I hated them. We had had a law passed the year before empowering the Health Board to seize and destroy tenement-house property that was a threat to the city's health, but it had remained a dead letter. The authorities hesitated to attack property rights, vested rights.

Now that Theodore Roosevelt sat in the Health Board, fresh from his war on the police lodging-rooms of which I told, they hesitated no longer. I put before the Board a list of the sixteen worst rear tenements in the city outside of the Bend, and, while the landlords held their breath in astonishment, they were seized, condemned, and their tenants driven out. The Mott Street Barracks were among them. In 1888 the infant death-rate among the 350 Italians they harbored had been 325 per thousand—that is to say, one-third of all the babies died that year. That was the kind of evidence upon which those rear tenements were arraigned. Ninety-four of them, all told, were seized that year, and in them there had been in four years 956 deaths—a rate of 62.9, when the general city death-rate was 24.63. I shall have once more, and for the last time, to refer to "A Ten Years' War" for the full story of that campaign. As I said, it was great.

Conceive, if you can, the state of mind of a man to whom a dark, overcrowded tenement had ever been as a personal



IN THE NEW PLAYGROUND

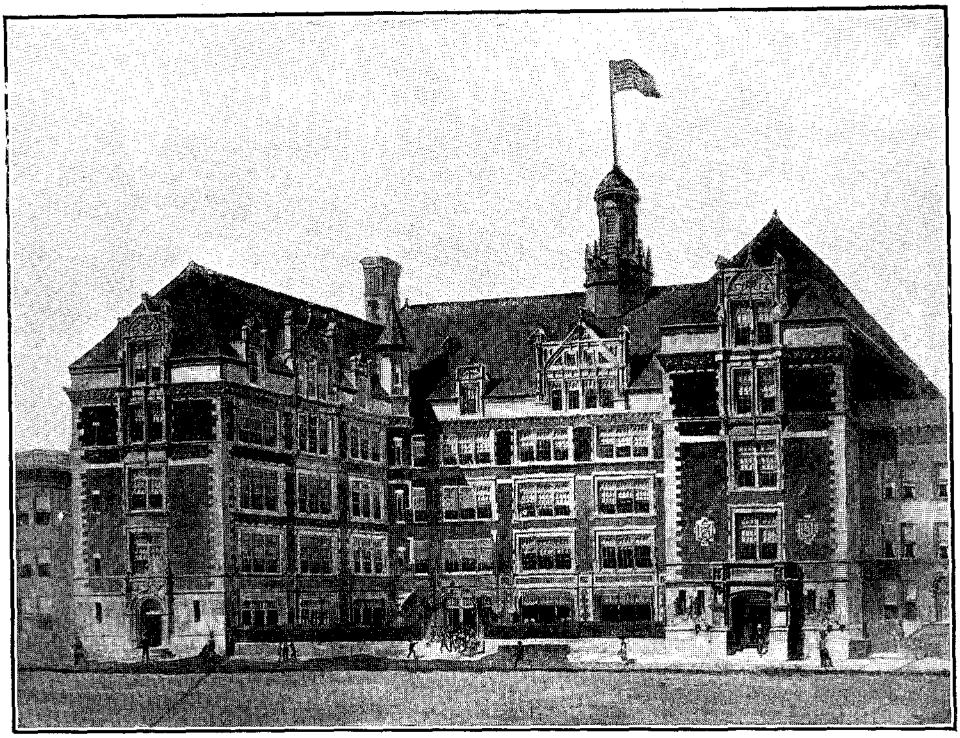
affront, now suddenly finding himself commissioned with letters of marque and reprisal, as it were, to seize and destroy the enemy wherever found, not one at a time, but by blocks and battalions in the laying out of parks. I fed fat my ancient grudge, and grew good humor enough to last me for a dozen years in those two. They were the years when, in spite of hard work, I began to grow stout, and, honestly, I think it was tearing down tenements that did it. Directly or indirectly, I had a hand in destroying seven whole blocks of them as I count it up. I wish it had been seventy.

The landlords sued, but the courts sided with the Health Board. When at last we stopped to take breath, we had fairly broken the back of the slum and made precedents of our own that would last a while. Mr. Roosevelt was personally sued twice, I think, but that was all the good it did them. We were having our innings that time, and there were a lot of arrears to collect. The city paid for the property that was taken, of course, and more than it ought to have paid, to my way of thinking. The law gave the owner of a tenement that was altogether unfit just the value of the brick and timbers that were in it. It was enough, for "unfit" meant murderous, and why should a man have a better right to kill his neighbor with a house than with an ax in the street? But the lawyers who counseled compromise bought Gotham Court, one of the most hopeless slums in the Fourth Ward, for nearly $20,000. It was not worth so many cents. The Barracks with their awful baby death-rate were found to be mortgaged to a cemetery corporation. The Board of Health gave it the price of opening one grave for its share, and tore down the rear tenements. A year or two later I traveled to Europe on an ocean steamer with the treasurer of that graveyard concern. We were ten days on the way, and I am afraid he did not have altogether a good time of it. The ghost of the Barracks would keep rising out of the deep before us, sitting there in our steamer chairs, from whichever quarter the wind blew. I suppose he took it as a victory when the Court of Appeals decided upon a technicality that the Barracks should not have been destroyed; but so did I, for they were down by that time.

I have said more than once in these pages that I am not good at figuring, and I am not; a child could do better. For that very reason I am going to claim full credit for every time I do a sum right. It may not happen again. Twice during that spell, curiously enough, did I downright distinguish myself in that line. I shall never be able to tell you how; I only know that I did it. Once was when I went before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to oppose an increase in the appropriation for the Tombs which the Commissioner of Correction had asked for. His plea was that there had been a large increase in the census of the prison, and he marched up a column of figures to prove it. To the amazement of the Board, and really, if the truth be told, of myself, I demonstrated clearly from his own figures that not only had there been no increase, but that there could not be without criminally overcrowding the wretched old prison, in which already every cell had two inmates, and some three. The exhibit was so striking that the Commissioner and his bookkeeper retired in confusion. It was just the power of the facts again. I wanted to have the horrid old pile torn down, and had been sitting up nights acquainting myself with all that concerned it. Now it is gone, and a good riddance to it.

The other computation was vastly more involved. It concerned the schools, about which no one knew anything for certain. The annual reports of the Department of Education were models of how to say a thing so that no one by any chance could understand what it was about. It was possible to prove from them that, while there was notoriously a dearth of school accommodation, while children knocked vainly for admission and the Superintendent clamored for more schools, yet there were ten or twenty thousand seats to spare. But it was not possible to get the least notion from them of what the real need was. I tried for many months, and then set about finding out for myself how many children who ought to be in school were drifting about the streets. The truant officers, professionally discreet, thought about 800. The Superintendent of Schools guessed at 8,000. The officers of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, with an eye on the tenements, made it 150,000. I canvassed a couple of wards with the truant officers' reports before me, and upon the basis of what I found there reasoned that there must be about 50,000. They scorned me at the City Hall for it. It was all guesswork, they said, and so it was. We had first to have a school census, and we got one, so that we might know where we were at. But when we had the result of that first census before us, behold! it showed that of 339,756 children of school age in the city 251,235 were accounted for on the roster of public or private schools, 28,452 were employed, and 50,069 on the street or at home. So that, if I am not smart at figuring, I may reasonably claim to be a good guesser.

The showing that a lack of schools which threw an army of children upon the street went hand in hand with overcrowded jails made us get up and demand that something be done. From the school executive came the helpless suggestion that the thing might be helped by increasing the classes in neighborhoods where there were not enough schools from sixty to seventy-five. Forty or forty-five pupils is held to be the safe limit anywhere. But the time had passed for such pottering. We pulled ourselves together and spent millions in building new schools while "the system" was overhauled; we dragged in a truant school by threatening the city authorities with the power of the State unless they ceased to send truants to



THE SCHOOL OF THE NEW DAY

institutions that received child criminals. But a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still; we shall have to do that all over again next. My pet scheme was to have trained oculists attached to the public schools, partly as a means of overcoming stupidity—half of what passes for that in the children is really the teacher's; the little ones are near-sighted; they cannot see the blackboard—partly also that they might have an eye on the school buildings and help us get rid of some where they had to burn gas all day. That was upset by the doctors, who were afraid that "private practice would be interfered with." We had not quite got to the millennium yet. It was so with our bill to establish a farm school to win back young vagrants to a useful life. It was killed at Albany with the challenge that we "had had enough of reform in New York." And so we had, as the events showed. Tammany came back.

But not to stay. We had secured a hold during those three years which I think they little know of. They talk at the Wigwam of the "school vote," and mean the men friends and kin of the teachers on whom the machine has a grip, or thinks it has; but there is another school vote that is yet to be heard from, when the generation that has had its right to play restored to it comes to the polls. That was the great gain of that time. It was the thing I had in mind back of and beyond all the rest. I was bound to kill the Bend, because it was bad. I wanted the sunlight in there, but so that it might shine on the children at play. That is a child's right, and it is not to be cheated of it. And when it is cheated of it, it is not the child but the community that is robbed of that beside which all its wealth is but tinsel and trash. For men, not money, make a country great, and joyless children do not make good men.

So when the Legislature, urged by the Tenement-House Committee, made it law that no public school should ever again be built in New York without an outdoor playground, it touched the quick. Thereafter it was easy to rescue the small parks from the landscape gardener by laying them under the same rule. It was well we did it, too, for he is a dangerous customer, hard to get around. Twice he has tried to steal one of the little parks we laid out, the one that is called Seward Park, from the children, and he "points with pride" almost to the playground in the other, which he laid out so badly that it was a failure from the start. However, we shall convert him yet; everything in its season.

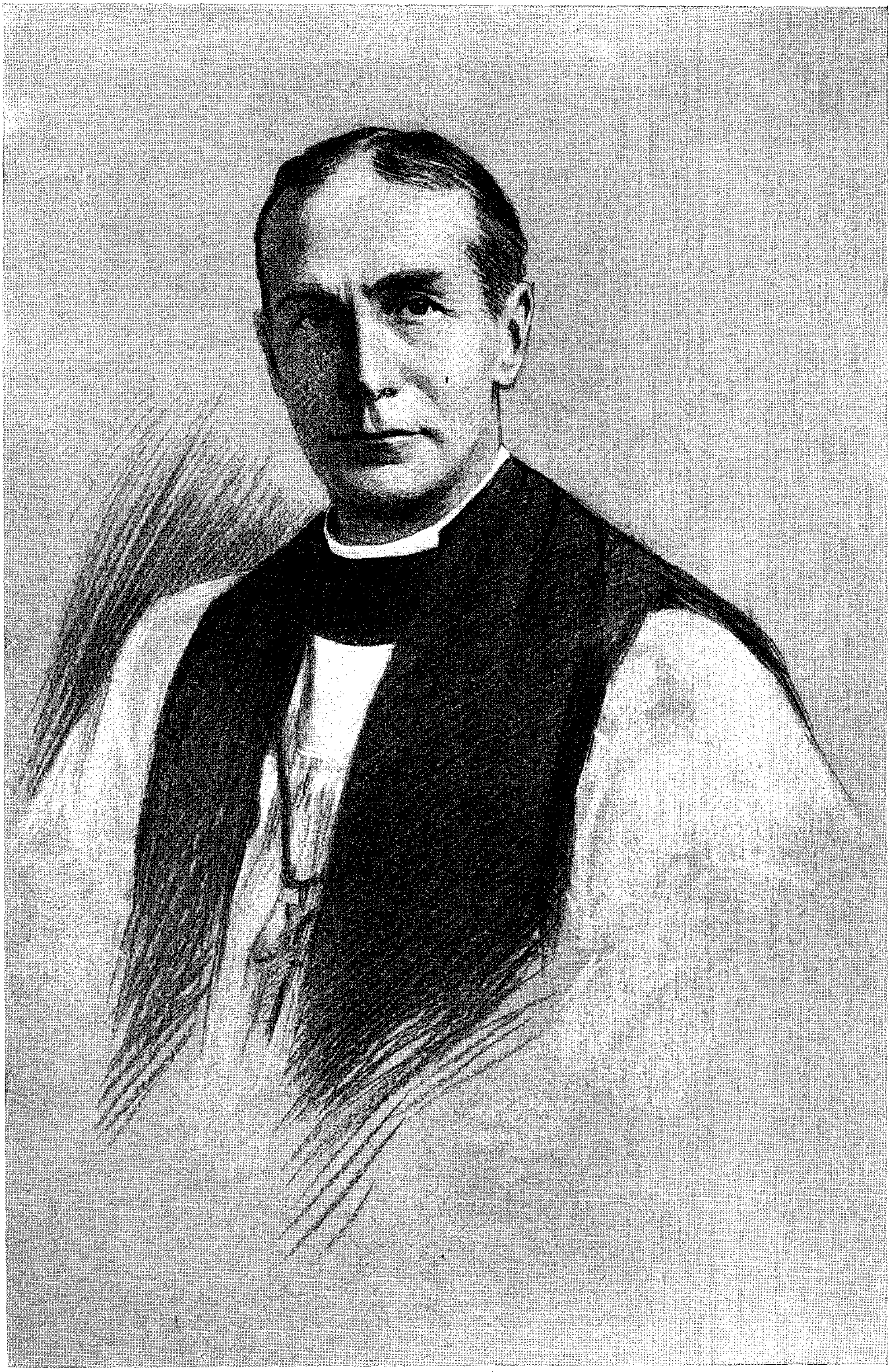
The Board of Education puzzled over its end of it for a while. The law did not say how big the playground should be, and there was no precedent. No, there was not. I found the key to that puzzle, at least one that fitted, when I was Secretary of the Small Parks Committee. It was my last act as agent of the Good Government clubs to persuade Mayor Strong to appoint that committee. It made short work of its task. We sent for the police to tell us where they had trouble with the boys, and why. It was always the same story: they had no other place to play in than the street, and there they broke windows. So began the trouble. It ended in the police station and the jail. The city was building new schools by the score. We got a list of the sites, and, as we expected, they were where the trouble was worst. Naturally so; that was where the children were. There, then, was our field as a playground committee. Why not kill two birds with one stone, and save money by making them one? By hitching the school and the boys' play together we should speedily get rid of the truant. He was just there as a protest against the school without play.

I asked the Board of Education to make their school playgrounds the neighborhood recreation centers. So they would not need to worry over how big they should be, but just make them as big as they could, whether on the roof or on the ground. They listened, but found difficulties in "the property." Odd, isn't it, this disposition of the world to forever make of the means the end, to glorify the establishment! It was the same story when I asked them to open the schools at night and let in the boys to have their clubs there. The saloon was bidding for them, and bidding high, but the School Board hesitated because a window might be broken or a janitor want extra pay for cleaning up. Before a reluctant consent was given I had to make a kind of promise that I would not appear before the Board again to argue for throwing the doors wider still. But it isn't going to keep me from putting in the heaviest licks I can, in the campaign that is coming for turning the schools over to the people bodily, and making of them the neighborhood center in all things that make for good, including trades-union meetings and political discussions. Only so shall we make of our schools real corner-stones of our liberties. So, also, we shall through neighborhood pride restore some of the neighborhood feeling, the *home* feeling that is now lacking in our cities to our grievous loss.

The club prevailed in the end. At least one school let it in, and though the boys did break a window-pane that winter with a ball they paid for it like men, and that ghost was laid. The school playground holds aloof yet from the neighborhood except in the long vacation. But that last is something, and the rest is coming. It could not be coming by any better road than the vacation schools, which are paving the way for common sense everywhere. "Everything takes ten years," said Abram S. Hewitt, when he took his seat as the Chairman of the Small Parks Committee. Ten years before, when he was Mayor, he had put through the law under which the Mulberry Bend had been at last wiped out. We held our meetings at the City Hall, where I had been spurned so often. All things come to those who wait—and fight for them. Yes, fight! I say it advisedly. I have come to the time of life when a man does not lay about him with a club unless he has to. But—eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! To be vigilant is to sit up with a club. We, as a people, have provided in the republic a means of fighting for our rights and getting them, and it is our business to do it. We shall never get them in any other way. Colonel Waring was a wise man as well as a great man. His declaration that he cleaned the streets of New York, all prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding, by "putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom," deserves to be put on the monument we shall build by and by to that courageous man, for it is the whole gospel of municipal righteousness in a nutshell. But he never said anything better than when he advised his fellow-citizens to fight, not to plead, for their rights.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY
Died August 12, 1901.



THE RT. REV. ARTHUR F. W. INGRAM

The New Bishop of London

Drawn by Alfred Houghton Clark.

The New Bishop of London

By William Durban

IT is, as a seventeenth-century lord remarked of Lady Mary Wortley, a perfect education to know some people. One of these most edifying personalities is Dr. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, who has been appointed Bishop of the great See of London, at an age phenomenally youthful for the English prelacy.

The progress of what is specially understood in England by the expression "Christian Socialism" is particularly marked by this preferment of the young Bishop of Stepney to the higher metropolitan position; for this famous clergyman is the leading representative of the school of dignitaries in the Anglican communion who have followed in the wake of Frederick Denison Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and, to name the most illustrious of their lay coadjutors, John Ruskin. The brightest lights of this section of the clergy are Canon Scott Holland, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the new Bishop. Dr. Winnington Ingram is the fourth of the English Bishops of our time to win the popular epithet of "The People's Bishop." The celebrated Fraser, of Manchester; the manly and athletic Selwyn, first of New Zealand and then of Lichfield; and the beloved Walsham How, of Bedford and then of Wakefield, have each in turn gained the appellation. This latest Bishop of London, however, even more than any of these famous prelates, has ingratiated himself in the esteem of the masses.

Dr. Ingram is being loaded with distinctive descriptive titles. He is the "King's First Bishop." He is *par excellence* the "up-to-date Bishop." He is the "Bishop of the Slums." He is an "omnibus Bishop." The poverty-stricken East Enders delight specially to claim him as "our Bishop." Some admirers denominate him "the breezy Bishop." I have heard him entitled "The Poor Man's Bishop." Indeed, the catalogue of his designations threatens to become interminable. They form a splendid index to his many-sidedness.

The Bishop of London's biography may be briefly told, and his ecclesiastical position can be tersely enough defined. It is his relation to the great movements of the age which is most worthy of extended notice. Born of a clerical family, this prelate is one of those hereditary priests who are very numerous in England. He is son of a Worcestershire vicar, and grandson, on the maternal side, of the noted Bishop Pepys, of Worcester. He belongs by every tie to a preaching race, and it is not wonderful that, of all his many great attributes, the homiletic faculty shines out the most brilliantly. A man who can rivet, Sunday after Sunday, a throng of five thousand in the vast nave of St. Paul's, thrilling one of the most cultured audiences in the world by successive peals of eloquence, in alternate declamation and argumentation, must be reckoned one of the great masters of pulpit logic and rhetoric. His career has been wonderfully rapid. He is an Oxonian graduate, and has done more than any living man besides to draw his grand university into the popular social current of modern progress. He was for a short time curate in the beautiful West of England, but soon removed to the most crowded scene of London life, being appointed rector of the teeming hive of poverty and toil called Bethnal Green. Here it was, in a sad, squalid parish, the living catacomb of the metropolis, that he learned to know the common people, to love them, and make himself the subject of sympathy, affection, and gratitude in a degree almost without precedent.

Accepting a cordial invitation to luncheon with the Bishop, I found him in his study waiting to give me his own spontaneous account of his life and his work. No man I have ever known has seemed more pleased to gratify the legitimate curiosity of an admirer of his extraordinary career. But I at once detected in him that playful and innocent simplicity which was the main secret of the ineffable fascination of C. H. Spurgeon's personality. The same broad smile, the same frank flash of recognition of a visitor as a Christian friend and brother, the same instant outburst of fluent words expressing whatever thoughts happened to be uppermost, and the same conscious desire to pour out as much as possible lest others should come to interrupt the colloquy, mark this equally busy worker. No two men could be at once more alike and yet unlike.

Amen Court is so still and secluded that it might be imagined to be a hundred miles away from London, yet it is situated in the very heart of noisiest London, under the shadow of the most glorious of English cathredals. The retreat of the busiest of all the prelates lies here, in the quaint but beautiful mediæval precincts of the ecclesiastical center of English life. It is a bachelor's home, for the Bishop of London is unmarried. As I looked at him, I remembered how he was called to the bishopric of Stepney, in East London, only three years ago, and how that event happened only seventeen years after he was ordained a clergyman. I could see that, though only forty-three years of age, he looks even younger than that, so buoyant is the whole expression of personality conveyed by feature, gesture, and demeanor. Private intercourse shows him as a happy Christian, as witty as the venerable and evergreen Archbishop of Canterbury.

My part was to listen, and I soon found that the Bishop loves a good listener as much as did Dr. Johnson or Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and the stream of beautiful talk is full of musical charm. Each question which punctuates the conversation sets gushing a new current. I wanted to know something from the Bishop himself of that great Oxford Movement of which he was the head and center. This is of course something totally different from the Oxford Movement of which the world has heard so much for three-quarters of a century, which was initiated by Pusey, Manning, Newman, Faber, and Ward, and was religious, ecclesiastical, Anglican, ritualistic, and Romanizing. The newer and infinitely more glorious Oxford Movement is social, philanthropic, industrial, economic, popular, plebeian, ameliorating, elevating, humanizing, and eminently religious. I knew many things about Oxford House at the East End, but here I had approached the fountain-head of the stream of influence.

"I was only thirty, a very young parson," said the Bishop, "when, on All Souls' day, 1888, I started the Oxford Settlement. It was very bold as an initiative on the part of one of the junior clergy like myself thus to invade the very citadel of 'Darkest London,' and, above all, to bring cultured and exclusive Oxford, with all its patrician and traditional conservatism, into direct contact with the 'roughs,' the 'toughs,' and the 'Hooligans' of the submerged million. But when once Oxford House was inaugurated, it became the center of enthusiastic interest. The present Prime Minister has from the beginning been a generous patron, both as a sympathizing friend of the movement and as a contributor to the funds. And Lord Salisbury's son, Lord Hugh Cecil, became one of the residents, and has been an occasional lecturer."

Though the Bishop did not say so, I felt that it was not surprising, in the light of these remarks, that Lord Salisbury had secured the King's assent to the appointment to the Metropolitan See of the man whom he had been for the last few years deservedly honoring by this kind of practical sympathy. I proceeded, at the first pause in his talk, to ask Dr. Ingram what were the chief difficulties which he had encountered in firmly establishing the Settlement.

"There was no difficulty so far as the University was concerned. I used to go down to Oxford occasionally to push the propaganda and to enlist new recruits. But the real obstacle was the spiritual inertia of the East Enders. I never realized before, nor did the young Oxonians, what the paganism of East London meant. It was the heathenism of absolute stolidity, of apparently heartless indifference, not of malignant hostility. I was appalled to discover that scarcely one in a thousand of the residuum ever crossed the threshold of any sanctuary."

"Was not much of your most effective work done in the shape of open-air preaching and lecturing?" I asked.

"Assuredly. Those Sunday lectures were memorable occasions. I became President of the Christian Evidence Society for East London, and threw myself actively into the task of counteracting the influence of secularist orators, who made Victoria Park their happy hunting-ground. The audiences were, naturally, almost entirely composed of workingmen. They came in great numbers. But the scene was often a very exciting one. Tremendous tussles went on, and I had to stand up to picked champions of infidelity. It was often my reward, after a heated debate, while the hundreds of artisans and laborers watched and listened, with flushed faces and eager eyes, to hear the listeners shout, 'The parson has got the best of it!' But the reflex effect on the lay residents from Oxford was splendid. Young Oxford found a new gymnasium for intellectual and spiritual athletes in Victoria Park. When the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, paid his last visit to East London, he was so gratified with what he saw and heard that he soon afterwards wrote me a note, in which he said, 'I envy you your College of Cardinals.' Of course all this was very absorbing. I often had to prepare my sermons on the top of an omnibus, to think out my speeches for important meetings in tram-cars, and to eat my luncheon in underground trains. I was at times astonished, as Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, to find how much my doings were being noticed, as if it were some novel thing for a Bishop to be engrossed with the welfare of the common people. For instance, after I had, in a speech, been alluding to my hurrying and scurrying, 'Punch' took up that speech of mine in the following vivacious style:

"THE SUFFERING BISHOP

"From morning till evening, from evening till night,
I preach and I organize, lecture and write;
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—
Was ever a Bishop so busy as I?

When writing my sermons the best of my work'll
Be done in the trains in the underground circle;
I can write one complete, with a fine peroration,
Between Charing Cross and the Mansion House Station.

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,
As I rush up the steps of a Whitechapel tram;
Or with excellent appetite I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

No table is snowy with damask for me;
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.
No manservants serve and no kitchenmaids dish up
The frugal repasts of this Suffragan Bishop."

Suddenly breaking off some of his remarks more particularly connected with the affairs of the Church of England in the East End of London, the Bishop exclaimed, as he hastily, with one of his customary jerky actions, pulled a worn note-book from his pocket, "Just look at this! This will tell you whether my life is still a busy one." Glancing at the little diary, I saw that every page was crowded with appointments for most of the hours of every day.

"How do you get through it all without breaking down?" was my natural query.

"Oh, well, I have never thought of breaking down, and have never been anywhere near that!" This rejoinder was uttered with a really merry little peal of laughter. "I simply do the next thing, and take all very quietly, and God helps me through," he went on. "But I must tell you that total abstinence and cycling have been the two sheet-anchors of my physiological immunity. During my Stepney bishopric I have gone off at seven every morning on my wheel to meet a 'Boys' Club' at Whitechapel and have a spin before joining in at some breakfast to a lot of poor people. But there is a fearful amount of hard work to be done in that East London. Some of my summer holidays have had to be spent in wandering about England on begging expeditions 'cadging' for Bethnal Green. The rich in this country do not know how the poor live and suffer and die; and some of us have had to toil tremendously to make them understand. In 1896 I went touring through Worcestershire, my native county, and held a series of garden meetings at parties in the chief houses. The result was that a Worcestershire Association was founded for the help of the metropolitan poverty.

"I have found," testified the Bishop, "that isolation of one class from another is the root of all the social evils. Contact with the neglected people and the lapsed masses was the method of Christ's reclamation of the lost. It is the only method that can succeed now. Accordingly, while I was rector of Bethnal Green, I not only went about the slums, but also got the people to come about me. Every Saturday afternoon during the summer we had a delightful garden-party at the rectory. The best of this weekly event was that it drew chiefly those of the working people who belonged to the non-church-going mass. Once the Oxford House residents took a religious census of the district, and found that the proportion of church-goers was one to eighty, while out of a thousand boys, nine hundred had the letters 'G. N.' (goes nowhere) written against their names."

I found that one of the present subjects all-engrossing to the ardent soul of the Bishop was that of London Hooliganism. The word Hooligan is a mystery to most people, so far as its derivation is concerned. Its origin is simple enough. Some years ago three brothers named Hooligan were nightly performers at a low London music-hall, where their vulgar exhibitions used to excite uproarious and blasphemous hilarity on the part of the rough patrons of the amusements, who after a time came to be called after their mentors. Hooliganism is a very grave matter of concern in London, and it is being manfully tackled by the Bishop of London and a number of kindred spirits, who are determined to leave the problem no longer in the hands of the police. Bishop Ingram plunged eagerly into this topic. "We are going to raise a great sum as time goes on," observed he, "and we shall start the fund at a projected meeting at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding. There is only one way to deal with Hooligans. My experience with the class from which they spring has taught me that. There must be a network of clubs on purpose for the youths, and great sacrifices must be generously made to provide every sort of rational inducement both for instruction and for recreation."

It is a magnificent stimulus to philanthropists to feel conscious that the Bishop of London is ready and competent to be their foremost leader; that the common people have full confidence in him as their true and tried friend; that he has the ear of the highest as well as the lowest; that he is as welcome in the palace and the castle as in the slum and the garret; and that he is one of the finest preachers of the age. Indeed, he is one of the very few who are called the "preaching Bishops." To listen to him is to come under a magic spell. His theological position is peculiar. He belongs doctrinally to a small but powerful academic coterie in the Church which includes some of the High Churchmen, like Canon Gore, and some of the Broad, like Professor Driver.

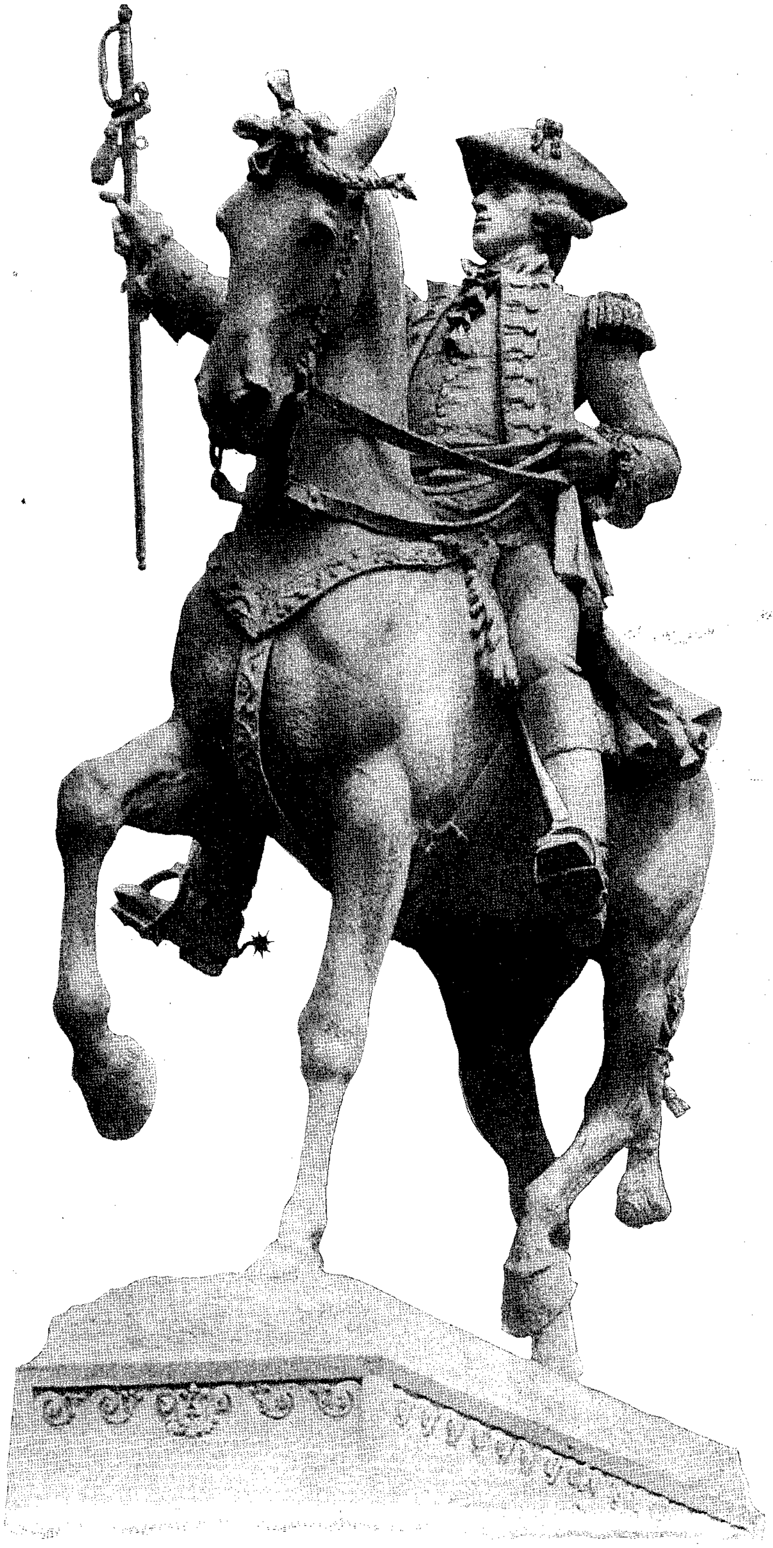
The Lafayette Monument

By Richard Ladegast

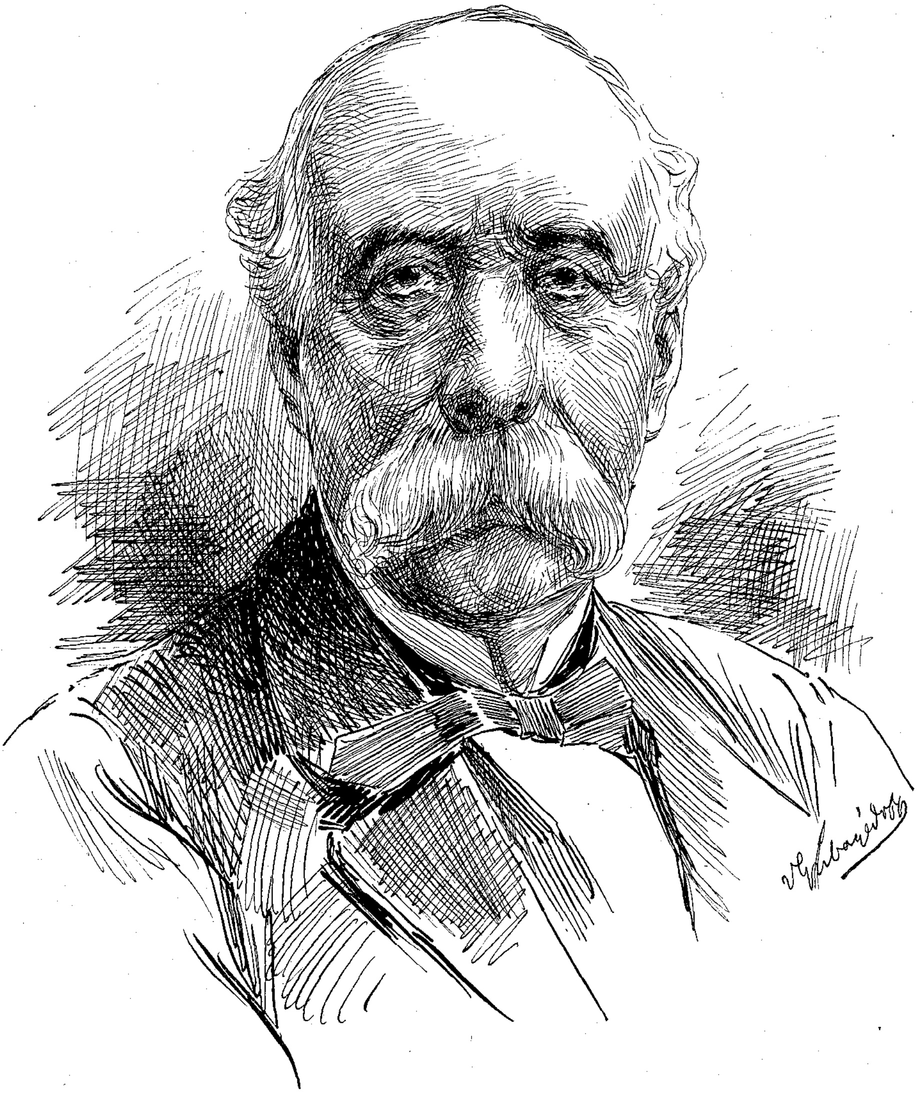
SOME years ago a meeting, called by some citizens of Chicago, Ill., was held in New York City to take the first steps for the presentation to the French people of a Lafayette monument, in grateful memory for the services done by the gallant Frenchman to our country in the War of the Revolution. This meeting organized the Lafayette Memorial Committee, and sent out a call to the school-children to raise the money for the proposed monument. The call was met with enthusiasm from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the smallest district school as well as from the big city institution of learning. Altogether the sum of $150,000 was placed at the disposal of the Committee.

One year ago, on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, a throng of Americans and Frenchmen gathered in the Court of the Louvre, Paris, to witness the unveiling and dedication of the reproduction in staff of the proposed statue. The equestrian statue, fourteen feet high, shows Lafayette nineteen years of age, dressed in the historical costume of his age. The model of the statue now stands in the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo. The pedestal is to be built in granite, and will bear on its face the following inscription: "Erected by the children of the United States in grateful memory of Lafayette, Statesman, Patriot, Soldier."

The sculptor who has modeled the equestrian statue is Paul W. Bartlett, born thirty-two years ago, in Boston, Mass. His statues of Michael Angelo and of Columbus, both of which have been placed in the Hall of Statues at Washington, D. C., have made his name well known in the art world.



THE LAFAYETTE STATUE BY F. WAYLAND BARTLETT



FRANCESCO CRISPI, EX-PREMIER OF ITALY
Died August 11, 1901.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff.

IN THE COTTON-FIELD

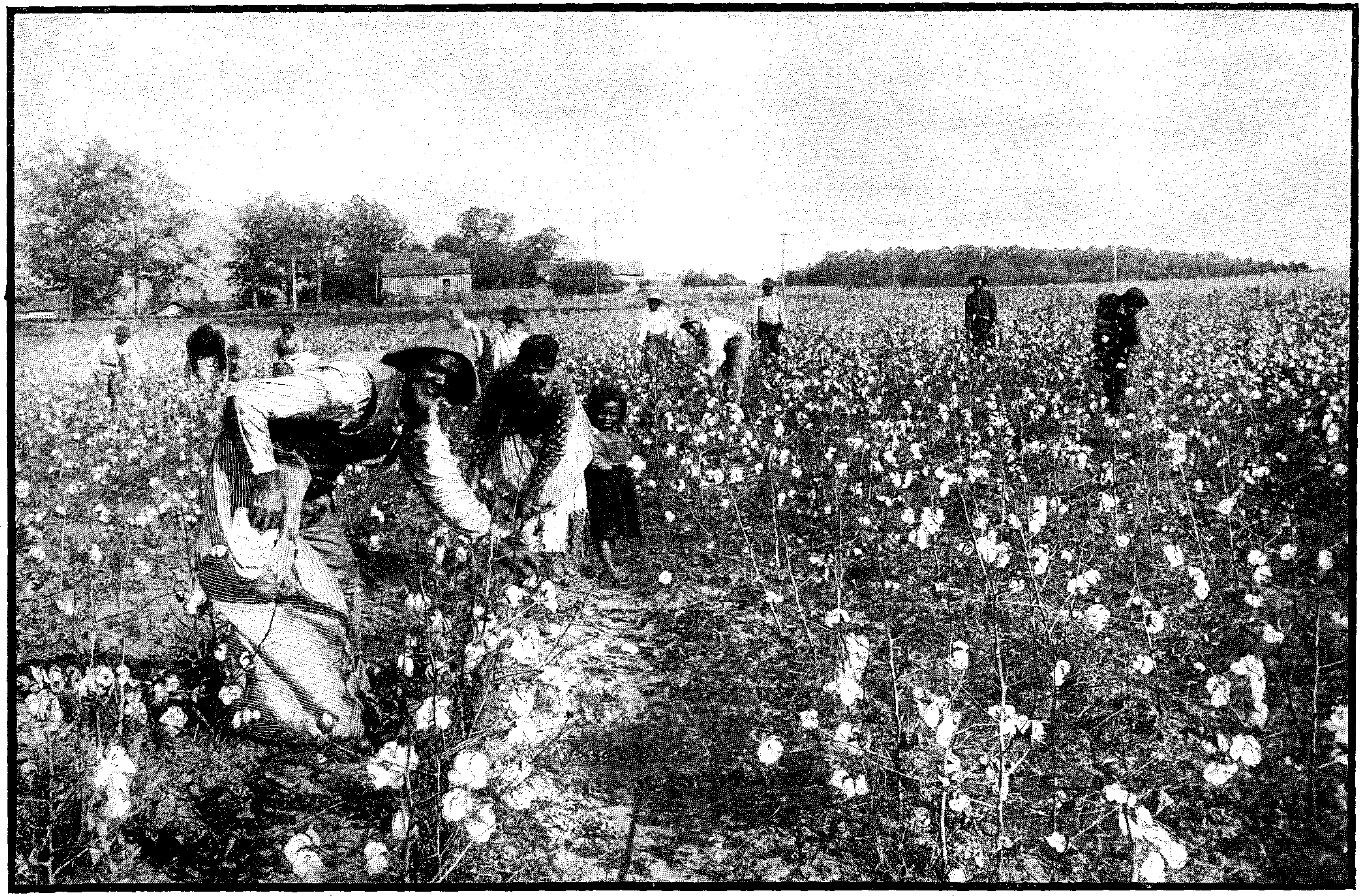
BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER

WHEN I was a boy on a farm in Vermont, where spring and summer and autumn are crowded into one brief, brilliant period between the melting drifts of April and the first whirling snowflakes of November, I used to read of the cotton-fields of the Southland and wonder what they were like. In our sheep-pasture there grew each summer a patch of lusty milkweeds. Many a time I have looked at those milkweeds when the fat green pods were bursting to let out their white, silky contents, and have wondered if a cotton-field looked like that.

Years passed before I knew. Then, one day, I found myself in Alabama. After my work in town was finished I said I wished I might go out on to a cotton-plantation. It was in February. The man to whom I made the suggestion said that was not a favorable time of the year to study cotton-culture, but added, "I reckon, though, you-all might like it. You surely would see how the crop begins." Half an hour later we were on our way toward a big plantation ten miles out in the country, our wagon rolling over a clay road so red that where the highway wound about in front of us it looked like a tan-colored ribbon appliquéd on the gray earth.

My first sight of the plantation showed me a broad, low house, with many verandas, placed far back from the road at the end of an avenue bordered on each side by a double row of magnificent water-oaks, their leaves as glossy green as if the month had been June instead of February. The air was like late May in New England. Wild plum-trees were in bloom. Bluebirds sang in the bushes, and as we drove up the avenue between the oaks barefooted children came out of the cabins to look at us. Two negro women were washing clothes out-of-doors near the house, heating water in an iron pot set on stones between which a fire was built. A litter of black pigs asleep in the road roused themselves and moved out of our way.

The owner of the plantation met us near the house and very courteously gave us



THE SECOND PICKING

permission to go wherever we wished. This was a plantation of fourteen hundred acres, one thousand of which were planted to cotton each year. The place had been in the possession of the same family for generations, and the owners had been men who believed that cotton was king and always would be. They planted only cotton, and bought the corn, bacon, and food supplies required for the people living upon the place. This was what was known as the "all cotton" system of planting. Few planters follow it now. By degrees methods have changed. The planter puts less ground into cotton, but often raises a larger crop on the smaller area because it is better cultivated. In addition he raises food crops and cattle. He tries to "live at home," and makes cotton his surplus or "money" crop. Many big plantations are cut up now and rented in small plots. These are known as "one-mule," "two-mule," "four-mule" farms, according to the number of animals required to cultivate them. One mule can cultivate thirty acres of land. The rent is usually paid in cotton—one-fourth or one-fifth of the crop. A bale of cotton to a mule is a common basis of rental. The owner of the land pays the taxes and furnishes a house—such as it is—on the land. The tenant also has the privilege of cutting firewood on the place.

We drove out on to the plantation. Acres of ground covered with the dead, dry stalks of last year's crop stretched on every side. I learned then that cotton-plants are not like milkweeds. Although an annual, growing from seed planted each spring, and killed by the fall frosts, the cotton-stalk grows to be hard and woody. Cattle eat the leaves, branches, and husks readily, but stop at the stalks. In the bark of these stalks is a fiber not unlike hemp, which may become a valuable by-product when machinery is invented for handling it profitably. The plant is pyramidal in shape, its largest branches nearest the ground. The "boll" is short and five-sided, instead of being canoe-shaped, like the seed-pod of the milkweed; and where the milkweed seeds and floss float cleanly away from the plant soon after the pod opens, the cotton clings to the boll for weeks. In fact, in February, months after the picking had been completed, white shreds fluttered in the wind from stalks all over the fields through which we drove. These were the "strippings" left by careless pickers. If cotton had been high in price, it would have paid to have gleaned the fields for them; as it was low, they would not pay for the cost of gathering.

The plantation which we visited had its own "gin" on the place. Near this was a pile containing hundreds of bushels of cottonseed heaped up to "heat," that the germs in the seeds might be killed before the mass was used to fertilize the ground for the next year's crop. The question whether it is more profitable to use the seed in this way or sell it and buy fertilizer depends largely upon how near a plantation is to a cottonseed-oil mill and to the railroad station from which the fertilizer must be drawn.

On account of the low price of cotton that year, one hundred and fifty bales of the crop raised the year before lay on the ground near the gin-house, waiting for higher prices. A bale of cotton is expected to weigh five hundred pounds. As prices were then, the bales were worth about $30 each. In 1900 cotton sold up to ten cents a pound and over, the highest figure it had touched for years. At the time I write, June, 1901, it is back down to seven cents and a fraction. The low prices which prevailed for several years were not an unmixed evil, since they influenced many planters to begin raising food crops as well as cotton. Last year's high prices have caused an increased acreage to be planted this year. Whether the result will be an overproduction that will bring prices down again to an unprofitable figure remains to be seen. The Hon. Charles W. Dabney, of Tennessee, who is an authority on all questions pertaining to cotton culture, gives the average cost of making a pound of cotton at 5.27 cents. The crop in the United States each year for the last three years has been over ten million bales, worth the enormous sum of from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000. The crop of 1899 was over eleven million bales. Although cotton probably can be grown with profit in only ten of the United States, the value of the annual crop is exceeded only by corn, which is raised in every one of the States, and, occasionally, by wheat.

In 1793 the yield of cotton in this country was little more than a thousand

"SCRAPPING"—PICKING THE LAST OF THE CROP

bales. The next year Whitney patented the "saw" gin, and in 1796 the product had increased to twenty thousand bales. Planters began to fear that the market would be overstocked, and one of them, looking at his newly gathered crop, said: "Well, I have done with the cultivation of cotton. There is enough in that one gin-house to make stockings for all the people in America."

Great as is our cotton crop, the United States does not by any means have a monopoly in the cultivation of the plant. Cotton has been raised in Egypt for a time longer than history records. The Egyptian cotton is yellowish-brown in color, and has a staple nearly as long as that of the famous Sea Island variety, the most valuable cotton which this country produces. At the price at which it can be imported the Egyptian cotton is so desirable for certain manufactures that large quantities of it are brought into this country each year. Last year's importations were over one hundred thousand bales. Russia raises large quantities of cotton in Turkestan and Trans-Caucasia. The crop of cotton raised in India is immense. In a digest of Hindu laws written 800 B.C., it is stated that the sacrificial thread of the Brahmins must be of cotton; that of the Vaisya, of wool. Herodotus and Pliny both speak of cotton. From India the plant was carried to Japan and China. Cotton is indigenous to many parts of Africa. Four young men trained at the agricultural department of Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, recently went under the auspices of the German Government to the German colony of Togo, on the west coast of Africa, to teach American methods of cotton culture to the natives there.

Columbus found cotton growing in the West Indies in 1492, and upon the mainland he found the natives wearing clothes woven from its fiber; Cortez found the plant in Mexico; Pizarro found it in Peru, and the mummies of that country are wrapped in cotton blankets. A pamphlet printed in London in 1609, describing the "fruits" of Virginia, says that cotton would grow there as well as in Italy. The first record of cotton being carried from America to England was in 1739, when a Swiss settler in Georgia took a sample of the staple across the Atlantic with him. In 1747 several "bags" of cotton were sent to England from Charleston, S. C., but the industry grew so slowly that in 1784 eight bales landed in Liverpool were seized on a charge of fraudulent shipment because it was not believed that so much cotton could have been raised in the United States. The exports from this country now are about seven million bales a year. The first cotton-mill in this country was built in Beverly, Mass., in 1787–88.

The most striking fact in connection with the cotton industry now is the great number of mills which have been built in the Southern States during the last few years. The five million or more spindles whirling in these mills, though, have not by any means driven out of use the spinning-wheels and hand-looms on which the clothes of many of the country people have been made for generations. In 1900 America, for the first time, consumed more cotton than any other country in the world, displacing England, which for one hundred and fifty years had enjoyed this distinction.

Practically all cultivation of cotton in the United States is limited by climatic conditions to the country south of the parallel of thirty-seven degrees. The cotton-plant requires five to seven months in which to develop. A frost does not hurt the cotton which has ripened, and picking is often delayed until into the winter, but the first frost checks all the buds and green bolls so that they will not develop. The cotton-plant thrives best in a hot, moist atmosphere. While drought causes a stunted plant, too much rain stimulates an overgrowth of stalk and branches, with few bolls.

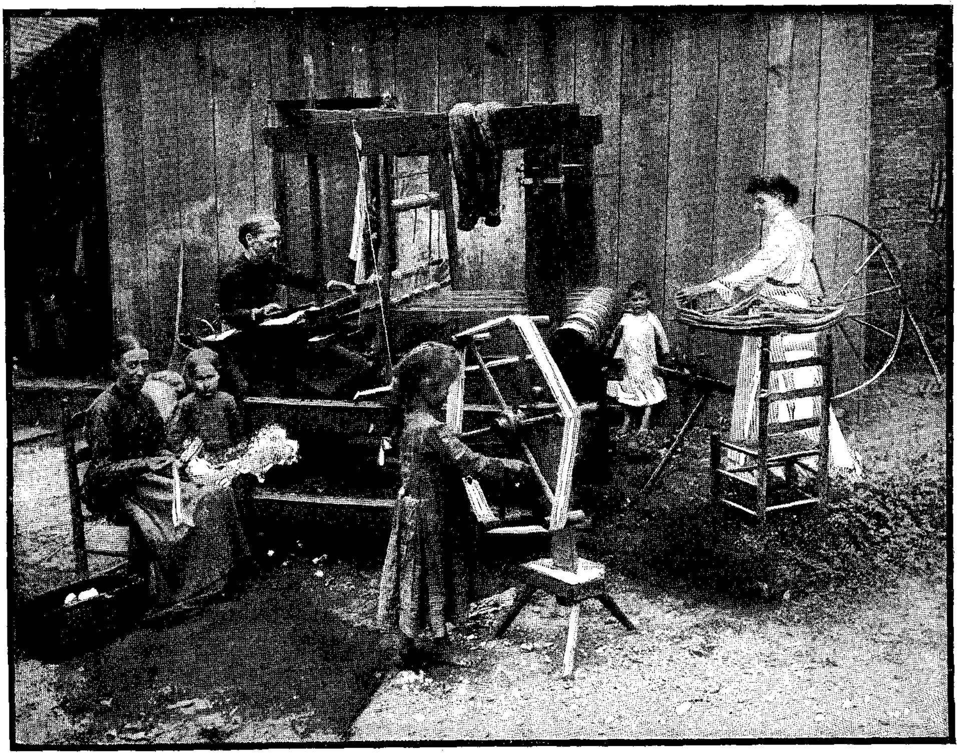
The cotton-plant belongs to the mallow family. The scientific name of the genus is *Gossypium*. Any one who has seen mallows growing in an old-fashioned garden, and remembers the angular buds and seed-pods, will understand why the growing cotton-bolls are sometimes spoken of as "squares." The plant varies greatly in size, according to variety and the richness of the soil. Starved plants not more than a foot high will bear a boll or two of fiber. Plants on moderately good soil grow from four to five feet high. On very rich soil a man on horseback is sometimes hidden as he rides through the field.

The leaves of the cotton-plant are lobed, something like a maple leaf. They grow alternately on the stalk. Most people who know nothing about the cultivation of the cotton-plant think that cotton is merely cotton. Such will be surprised to learn that a recent publication of the Department of Agriculture enumerates one hundred and thirty varieties sufficiently distinct to be identified and named. These are "planters'" varieties. A botanist would not recognize so many. Some authorities have tried to reduce all varieties to three—

CULTIVATING COTTON IN ALABAMA

the "white-seeded," "black-seeded," and "yellow-linted." Sea Island is the most famous and highest-priced variety, but it can hardly ever be grown profitably more than fifty miles away from the Atlantic coast. This is a native of the West Indies, and has a fine and very long staple. It is a matter of history that this cotton once sold as high as two dollars a pound. This was not, as might be thought, in war times, but as long ago as 1828. In 1864 middling-grade upland cotton sold in New York for $1.89 a pound, although three years before it had sold as low as ten cents. I do not find any quotations of Sea Island for the year 1864. Many varieties bear the name of the planter who discovered and developed them. Such are the Truitt, a well-known Georgia variety, and the Peterkin, originated in South Carolina.

The details of cotton cultivation vary in different places according to conditions of soil and climate and the variety cultivated. The plowing of the ground usually begins in February, and the planting extends from March 1 to June 10. Planting at the latter date, though, is only in ground on which some other crop, like oats, has been harvested; and a crop of cotton will not be made after this date unless the season is particularly favorable. The cotton-rows are commonly laid out four feet apart. Various machines for planting the seed have been invented, but none are so satisfactory as a man's hand. Unless the seed is a rare and expensive variety, it is tossed broadcast into the drill. Under favorable conditions the plants appear above ground within ten days after the seed is put in, but in a dry year they may lie in the earth for weeks and still grow when rain comes. After the plants have come up and are well started they are "chopped" with a stout hoe to a "stand." This means that the extra seedlings are cut out, leaving vigorous single plants from eight to eighteen inches apart. A plow is run between the rows at frequent intervals until August, to keep the weeds down. The first blossoms appear when the plants are about fifteen inches high, which would be from the middle of May to the middle of June, according to latitude. The first bolls of the cotton-plant open about a month



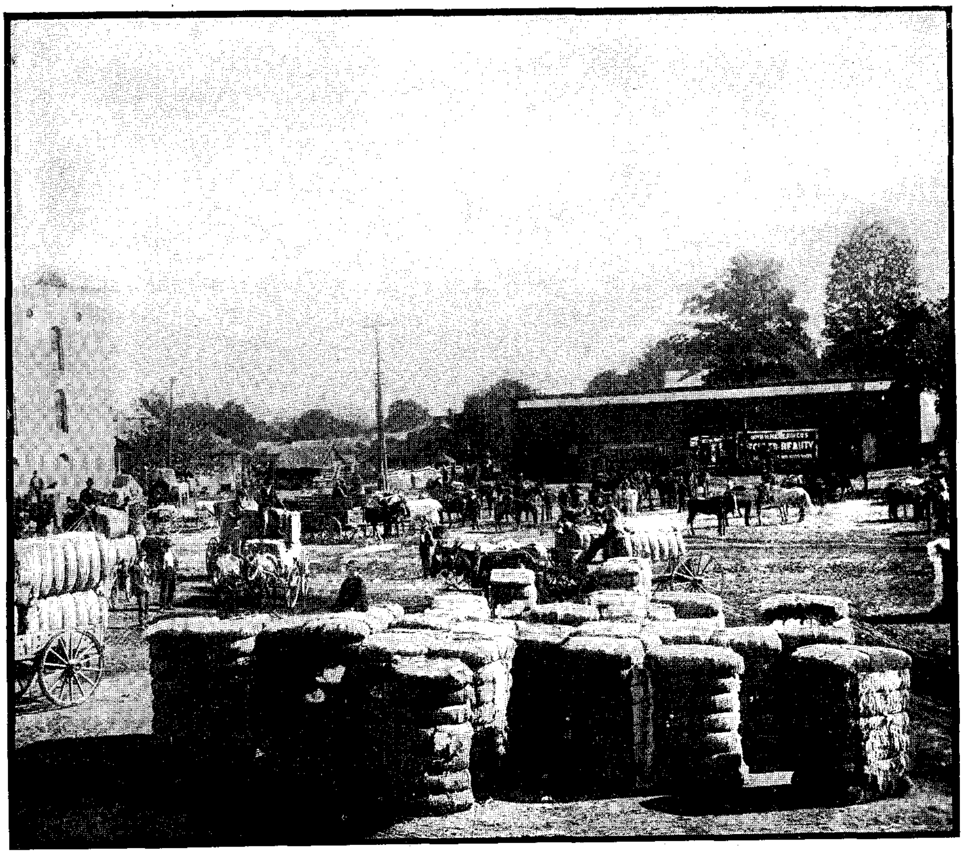
A PRIMITIVE COTTON-FACTORY IN ALABAMA

THE FIRST PICKING

later, and picking begins about a month after that time.

Cotton is grown with some degree of success in all kinds of soil, but loam is reckoned the best. In Louisiana there is a famous soil called "buckshot," which is said to be better adapted to cotton than any other in this country. The name is given to it because when cultivated it breaks into a loose mass of tilth suggestive of fine-grained shot. Two bales of cotton to an acre may be raised on this soil. Cotton suffers from various diseases, to some of which have been given most singular names, such as "sore shin," "damping," and "frenching." Insects also injure it. Formerly the average damage done each year by the cotton army-worm was estimated at fifteen millions of dollars, but poisoning with Paris green has largely done away with this pest now.

The picking of cotton is the most tedious and expensive of all the processes connected with the culture. Various machines have been invented for picking cotton, but picking by hand continues to be the most satisfactory method. The picking of one year's average crop in this country is estimated to cost not less than sixty millions of dollars. From thirty to fifty cents a hundredweight is the price paid for picking, and men, women, and children do the work. The picker wears a bag slung around his or her neck, into



AN ALABAMA VILLAGE IN COTTON MARKET TIME

which the lint is dropped. These bags are emptied into great baskets at the end of the rows. To gather two hundred or three hundred pounds of cotton is a good day's work for a picker. This, of course, is "seed cotton." After the seeds have been "ginned" out, the net weight is reduced two-thirds. Cotton that will "third" itself, as the planters say, is said to be doing well. A field should be picked over once in two or three weeks, and the season for picking lasts three months or more. Many planters make three pickings suffice for the season.

I never see a "white" cotton-field that there does not come to my mind a most unfortunate illustration used by a colored preacher in a sermon. The enthusiasm of colored congregations in the South sometimes leads the members to make audible and pertinent comments on the points in a pastor's sermon. A good but perhaps not wholly wise minister had one day preached for an hour and a quarter, when, arriving at a period in his discourse which especially inspired him, he exclaimed: "Beloved, I see before me a ten-acre lot white for the harvest." At which a sister in the flock—whether moved by zeal or weariness seems a little uncertain—shouted: "Good Lawd, put up de bars!"

The yield of cotton varies greatly. Under the most favorable conditions two bales are harvested to an acre. Sometimes ten acres will not yield more than one bale. In Alabama an average yield is a bale to three acres with little or no fertilizer. Land which has been enriched at the rate of a hundred pounds of cotton-seed-meal and two hundred pounds of phosphate to an acre should produce from three-quarters of a bale to a bale to the acre. The quantity and kind of fertilizer which can be most profitably used vary greatly according to locality and soil. Probably five hundred pounds of fertilizer to an acre would be a reasonable quantity. Most farmers would find it profitable to plant less ground and fertilize and cultivate what they do plant more thoroughly.

TWO YOUNG PICKERS

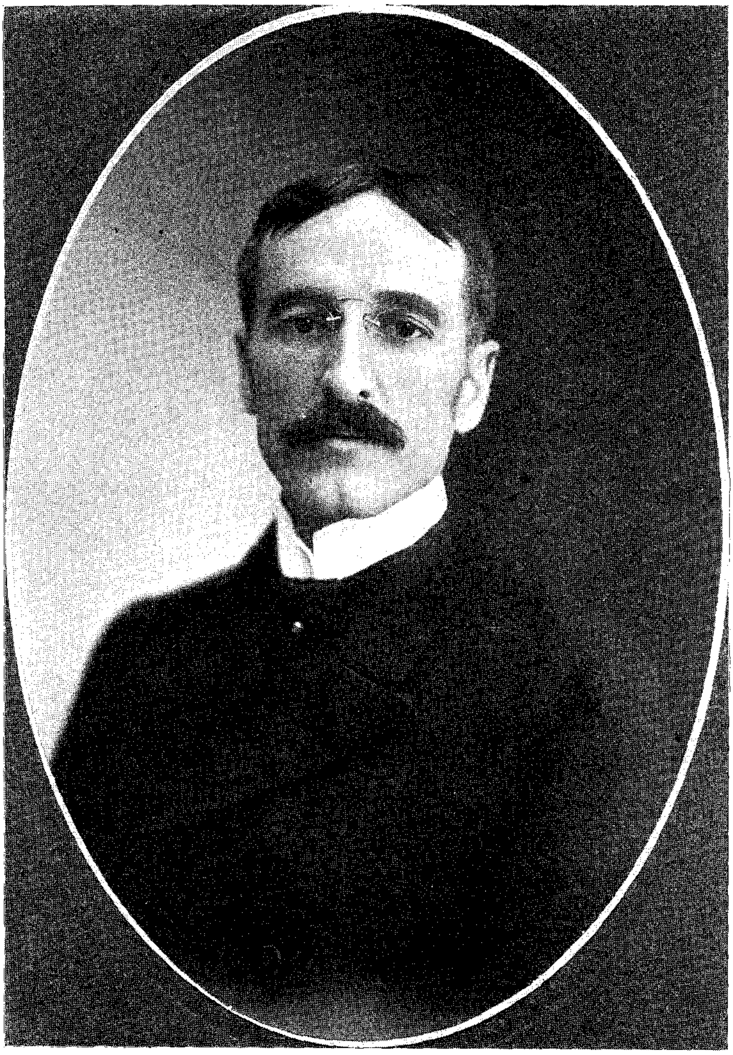
Formerly the cotton when picked was piled up on a platform, called an "arbor," in the open air, but now it is usually taken to the gin as soon as possible. There are two kinds of gins, the "roller" and the "saw." The former has been used in India from time immemorial. It was at first a flat stone on which a wooden roller was moved by the operator's foot. Now it consists of two small rollers, one of wood and one of iron, turned by hand. These slowly press the seeds out. Five pounds of clean cotton is a day's task, and the woman who works the machine gets five cents a day wages. Various forms of this machine are in use in other countries. Before Eli Whitney invented his gin, cottonseed was picked out by hand in this country. Four pounds of clean cotton a week was the task assigned to the head of a family. This would be at the rate of a bale in two years. In the Whitney gin the seed cotton is held in a box, one side of which is a grate of steel bars. Between these bars a number of thin steel disks notched on the edges rotate rapidly. The notches catch hold of the fiber and pull it free from the seeds. These fall to the floor. A cylinder covered with bristles revolves against the disks and takes from them the lint. A draft of air blows the lint far out of the machine, and it falls into a receptacle in which it is pressed down to be baled. The gins leave a good deal of dirt in the cotton. Some factories estimate the waste from this cause to be twenty per cent. of the weight of the bale.

Each of the big old plantations had its own gin, commonly operated by mule-power, but with the dividing up of the land into small farms gins have been built, like any other mill, as an investment, and the farmer brings his cotton to the gin as he brings his grist to mill. These gins are more apt now to be run by steam than by any other kind of power. Thirty cents per hundred pounds is an average price for the planter to pay for ginning and baling, and he furnishes his own "bagging" and "ties." The latter are the thin iron strips used to bind the bale. Twenty-five years ago planters were locating their gins over a running stream when possible, that the despised and supposedly worthless cottonseed might be easily gotten rid of by throwing it into the water to float down stream. Now there are upwards of $40,000,000 invested in this country alone in mills and apparatus for utilizing cottonseed in the form of oil, meal, cake, and hulls, and the value of these products is one-sixth that of the fiber.

Steam mills increase the danger from fire—the foe which the planter perhaps dreads worst of all. A bale of cotton once set on fire will burn until it is destroyed, even if it be thrown into the water, and a pile of lint cotton—fiber from which the seeds have been removed—will burn close, while, oddly enough, considering the oil in the seed, a pile of seed cotton if set on fire will flash over, and then the fire frequently will die out.

Cotton bales vary greatly in shape. Within the last few years the cylindrical bale, much more compact and smaller than the square bale—weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds—has begun to be used. Each has its advantages. The first bale is usually brought to market in Texas—the most forward State—by July 10, and the first bale in Alabama a month later. There is great strife among the planters to see who shall bring the first of the year's crop to market, and the first bale is often sold at auction for some charity. As soon as the picking is fairly under way the towns in the cotton States become centers of trade. Small villages on the railroads will handle as many as five thousand bales; larger towns, from that amount up to a hundred thousand bales. Firms in the big cities send out buyers, but much of the crop is handled by the local merchants, many of whom now realize on store accounts which the farmers have been running for a whole year previous, secured by a mortgage on a part or all of this year's crop. These country stores boast that they can furnish anything from a cambric needle to a lumber wagon, and usually they can make the boast good. Whole families come to the village on this occasion—often the only time in the year when the women and children do come. Strings of mules or steers, hitched up one pair before another, draw the wagons, sometimes as many as five yoke of steers hitched to one cart. The head of the family sits on the tongue of the cart to drive. The women and children perch on the bales of cotton in the cart. An old, splint-bottomed chair will be tied on behind the load for "mother" to sit in going home, surrounded by the miscellaneous assortment of groceries, furniture, hardware, and dry-goods for which the cotton has been traded. "Mother" usually has a baby to bring along.

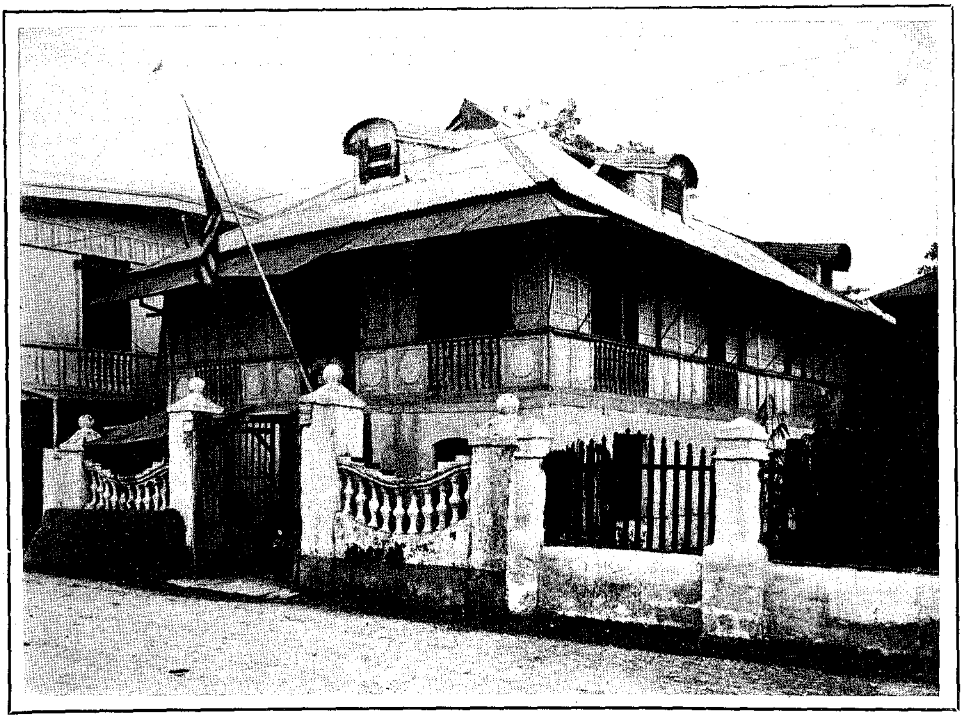
Many of these country teams come thirty or forty miles—too far for them to come and go in one day. For such as these, most Southern towns, or associations of traders, provide a public "wagon yard," a plot of ground surrounded by a wall and having stalls and sheds in which men and beasts can find shelter free of charge. In this yard at night, in cotton-market time, there may be seen camped a dozen or more outfits. The tired mules and steers hitched about the inclosure champ bundles of fodder brought from home on top of the loads of cotton. The men sit about, smoking or talking, or cook their suppers over little fires whose lights and shadows make pictures such as one looks to see only in Spain or in the East.



William H. Hunt

The Hon. William H. Hunt, who is to succeed Governor Allen as civil ruler of Porto Rico, is a classmate and intimate friend of Judge Taft, the Governor of the Philippines. Both were graduated from Yale University in 1878. Judge Hunt practiced law in Montana, was made Collector of Customs for Montana and Idaho by President Garfield, and in 1884 resigned this office to become Attorney-General of Montana. Later he filled minor judicial offices in the State, and in 1896 was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Montana for six years. In addition to his experience at the bar and on the bench, Judge Hunt has had executive experience and an opportunity to learn Porto Rican affairs thoroughly in his capacity as Secretary to Porto Rico.

NATIVE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS OF THE PHILIPPINES



THE SAN MIGUEL DISTRICT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

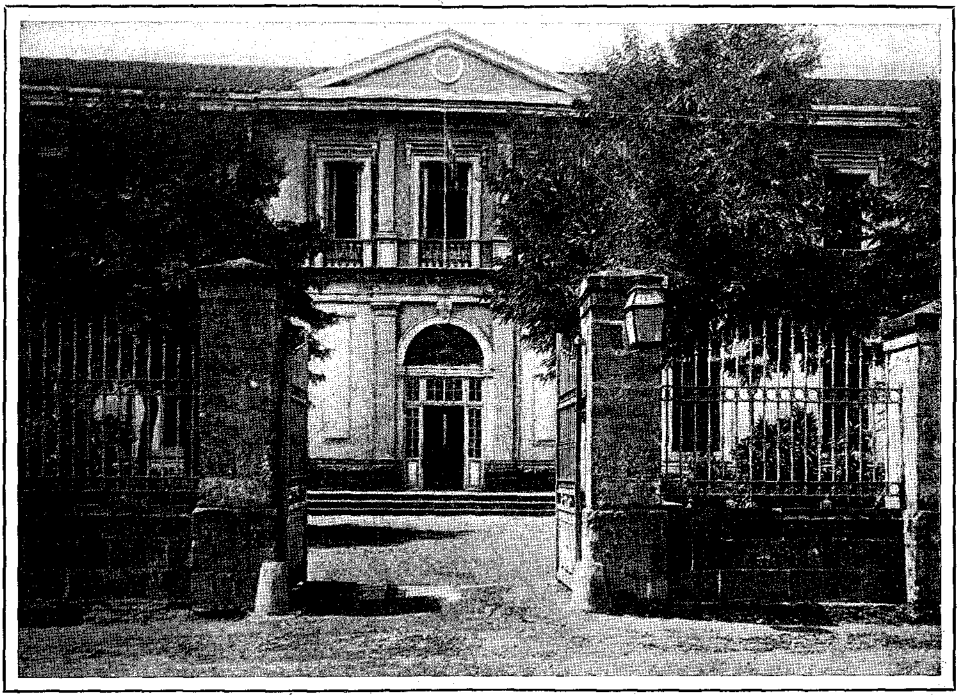
The Philippine Educational Exhibit

IT is a striking fact that the colonists from every country maintain a higher level of education than the people from whom they spring. That this has been true of the English colonists has long been a commonplace; that it is equally true of the Spanish colonists deserves equal recognition. The Spanish-American republics, despite their enormous Indian population—often a majority of the whole—have, as a rule, as good school systems and as little illiteracy as Spain itself; and even in the Philippines, where the population is almost exclusively Malay, the ability to read is more general than in many of the provinces of Spain.

The truth of this generalization is impressed upon the visitor at the Pan-American Exposition who takes the trouble to examine the educational exhibits. That made by the Chilians in particular would seem to indicate that in the line of manual training at least the "Yankees of South America" are in advance of their fellows at the North; and the exhibit sent in from the Philippines, incomplete as it is, seems to substantiate Blumentritt's somewhat favorable comparison between the popular culture in these islands and that in Spain.

In the Agricultural Building the Philippine exhibit does not create this favorable impression. The implements exhibited are so primitive that, did we not recall the hand-plows shown among the relics of our Puritan ancestors, we might think that the people using them were but a few stages above barbarism. But in all such collections the desire for the peculiar and picturesque is likely to get the better of the desire for the fairly representative. In the educational exhibit, on the contrary, that which was striking both in the pictures of the buildings and in the photographs and work of the scholars was the similarity of the civilization shown to that of our own people. Soon after the writer saw this exhibit, a friend told him of a conversation he had had with a cultivated woman in Switzerland who expressed her surprise that his wife was not at all "red."

Another friend of mine had had an experience almost identical in Germany. His hostess had thought that an American was at least part Indian. It occurred to me that these misconceptions of America were not much more grotesque than certain prevalent American misconceptions of the Philippines. There are relatively fewer Negritos in the Philippines than Indians in America, and the entire pagan and Mohammedan population there is hardly one-seventh of the whole people. The remainder have been Christians for generations, and while the public provision for education has been slight—only one school for each five thousand people—the popular desire for education has made the most of the meager facilities.



JESUIT NORMAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

The most complete part of the educational exhibit was that of the public schools of Manila. Here there were photographs of all the forty-odd school buildings now in use. Nearly half of them, I was glad to see, were for girls. There were also many photographs of scholars and a few of teachers—both American and Filipino. The former, I am informed, constitute barely one-quarter of the eighty-odd now employed. Five hundred additional American teachers have recently been sent to the Philippines, and Superintendent Atkinson is reported to desire a thousand more. But all of these are doubtless for portions of the islands where there are now no Americans. It is not probable that the proportion of American teachers in Manila will ever be increased, for the salaries paid them, I was told, range from $1,050 to $1,200 a year for ordinary teaching work. In other words, the mere salary of the teachers exceeds two months' income for all of the families represented in the schools. No people could afford a large force of public-school teachers paid at such a rate as this, and the American people as well as the Philippine people would protest against the imposition of an extravagant "carpetbag" school system. The salaries paid to the native teachers are usually less than $25 (Mexican) a month. In other words, they are only half as great as those paid to American teachers in rural New England, and only one-sixth those paid to American teachers in the Philippines.

Some typical photographs contained in the Manila exhibit are reproduced with

Pampanga
(Spanish)
Nisacyan
Visaquan
(Spanish)
Tagalog
(Spanish)
Tagalog
(Chinese)

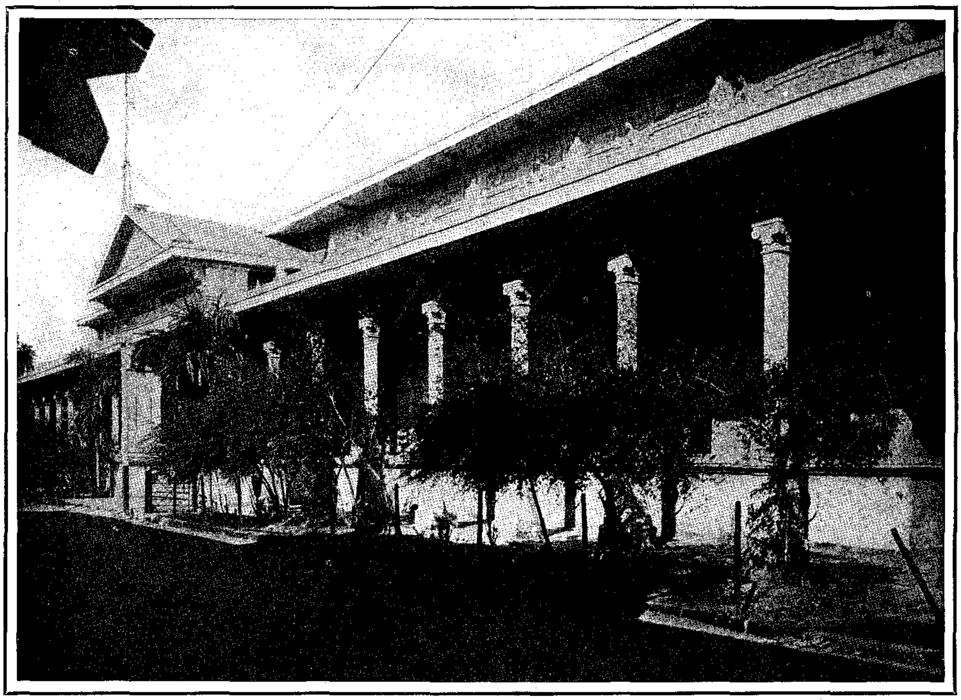
DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES IN ONE SCHOOL

this article. The character of the work done by the scholars is not so easily portrayed. There were specimens of this work from nearly all the islands, including Mindanao, where an army officer had set up a school, using for his text-book in English a scrap-book made up from the advertising pages of a cheap magazine. In drawing and in penmanship the exhibit from nearly every section was distinctly good. The handwork shown, especially with the needle, was also good, though the tendency to bright coloring was decidedly pronounced. In arithmetic the exhibit was much less encouraging, though for this the teachers' responsibility seemed to be as great as the scholars'. Here, for example, was one of the problems given in proportion :

> If 10 horses can run 18 miles and can eat 44 pounds of hay in 12 hours, how many miles can 25 horses run in 11 months and 14 days, and how many quintals of hay can they eat?

This remarkable example of how arithme-

IN A FILIPINO SCHOOL



MUNICIPAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

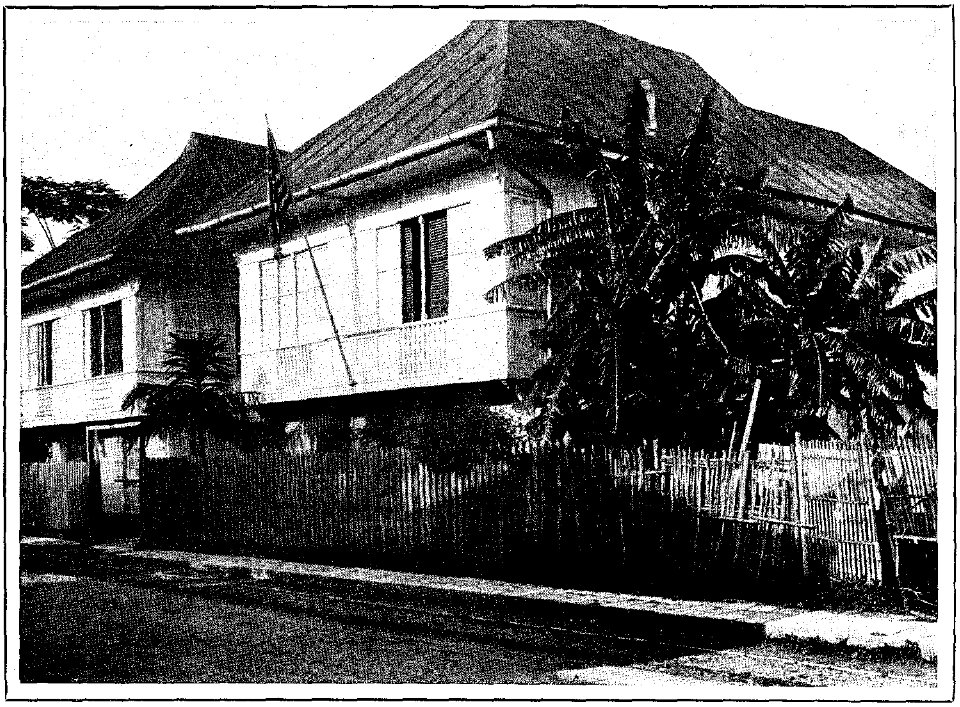
tic should not be taught was patiently and accurately worked out by the Filipino pupil on the assumption that a horse could run twice as far in twenty-four hours as in twelve, that it could keep on day and night for eleven months and fourteen days, and that twenty-five horses could run further than fourteen! Needless to say, the answer indicated a speed unknown on this side of the Pacific, but the solution was apparently accepted by the American teacher as correct.

But it is the work done in English which deserves the most attention. This apparently is the branch which receives the most attention; even arithmetic is already in some instances taught in our language. As educated Filipinos must already learn the Spanish language in addition to their own, the acquirement of a third tongue might be thought a good deal of an undertaking, but apparently the children are mastering it with extraordinary success. The spelling was always good, and while there were some confused idioms as well as some confused thought, the precision with which English words were used was unusually remarkable. Here, for example, is the English version of a letter to the teacher which the pupils at the public school at Apatel, Luzon, were asked to write in Pampango, Spanish, and English:

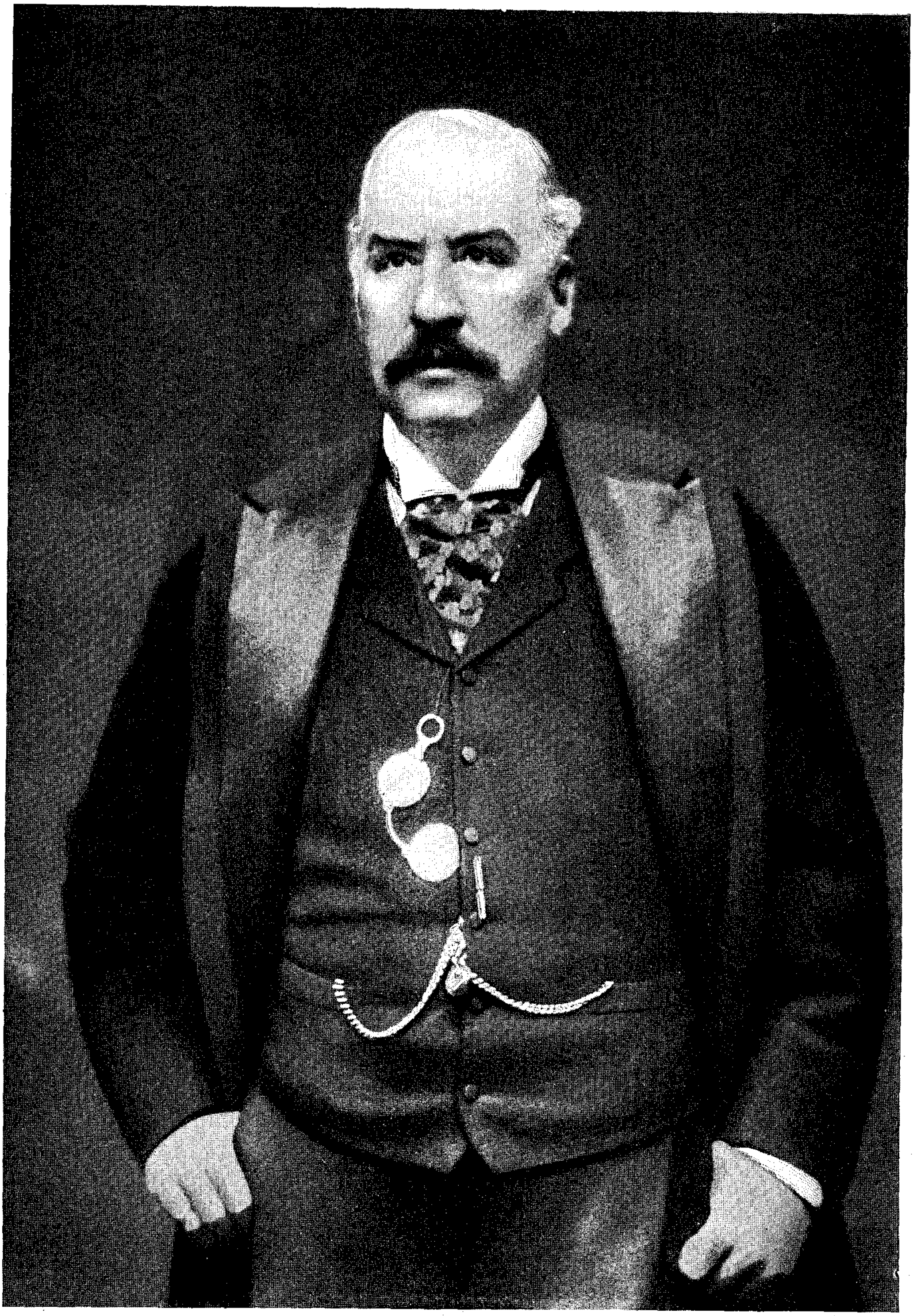
> *My dear teacher:*
> I take much pleasure in the study of the English language, but it is a thing very difficult for the Filipino's young men. Do you know, your language has many rules, and notwithstanding most of these are not conformed by motive of the exceptions; and besides the pronunciation is very curious. Sometimes I think the inventor of the English language was a commedian.

In the teacher's note to the collection of letters from which the above was taken, it is stated that the ages of the children writing them varied from six to thirteen years, and that "no one of them had had more than two months' connected teaching" in English, or any help whatever from the teachers in preparing the papers forwarded. Such statements as this are well-nigh incredible, but the many compositions forwarded from various points seem to demonstrate that the Filipino children have a remarkable talent for acquiring a foreign language.

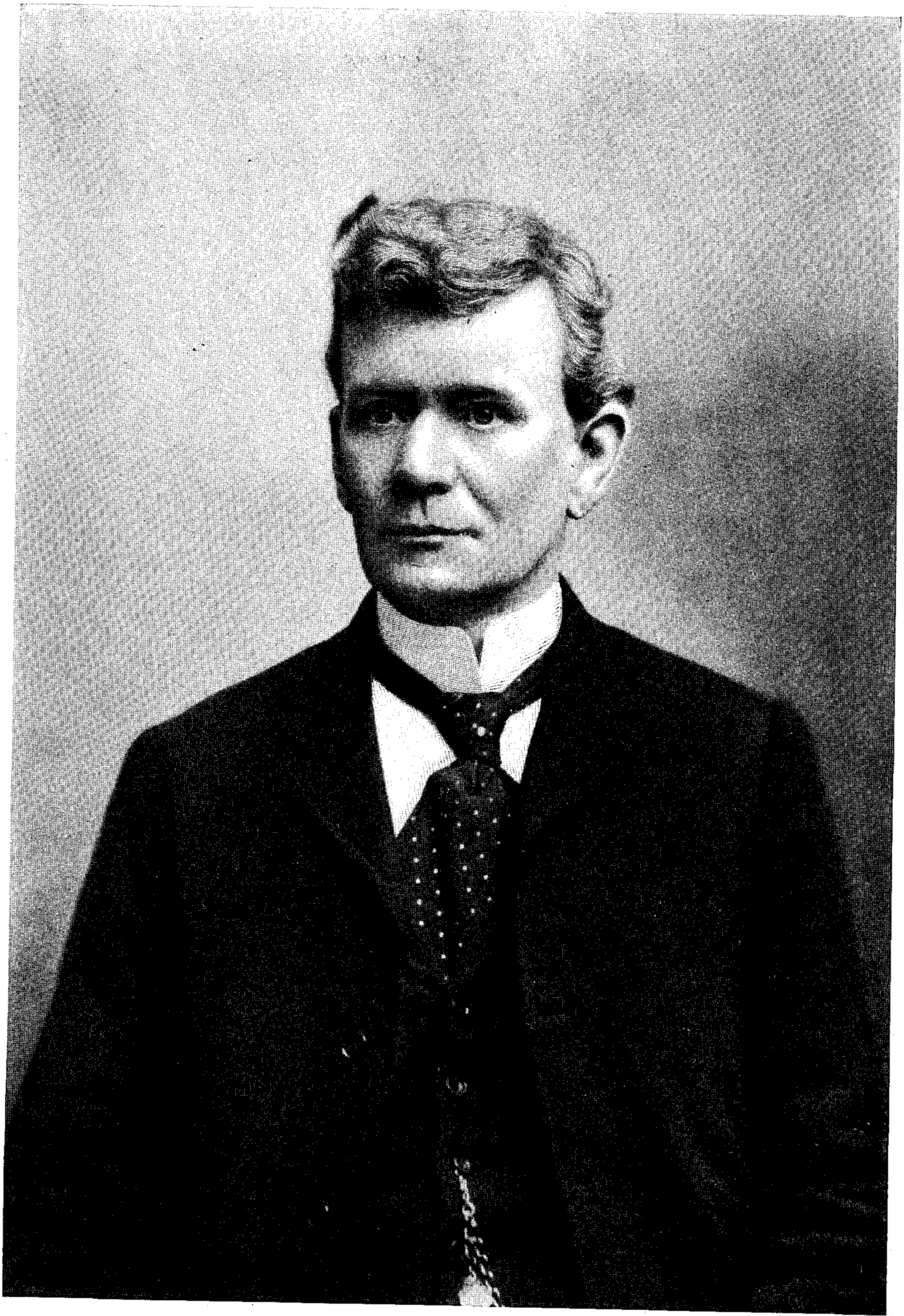
Such work as this, while to the credit of the schools which the Americans are supporting in the islands, is also to the credit of the previous schooling which the Filipino pupils had obtained under the Spanish Government, and often from Spanish priests. Since the outbreak of the war with Spain so much has been said in denunciation of Spanish rule, both civil and clerical, that we are in danger of forgetting that there are Spaniards and Spaniards quite as much as Americans and Americans. It was the unselfish work done for the Filipinos by the Spanish missionaries which constituted the basis for the power gathered by the Church, and it was the work of the Church which led the people to accept the sovereignty of the Spanish Government. It is true that the successors of those who acquired power through their services to the Filipino people often used this power for their own aggrandizement and for the oppression of the people. But in yielding to this temptation Spanish priests and rulers simply manifested the common weakness of human nature. While on the train returning from Buffalo, the writer happened to be reading Woodbury Lowery's excellent work on "The Spanish Settlements in the United States," and he was repeatedly struck by the high aims not only avowed by the Spanish Government but actually cherished by the Spanish priests who took part in the conquest of America. Of the latter the historian says: "Those who came to the new fields were a devoted, self-sacrificing, patient, and energetic body of men, whose confidence in their divine mission was such that no hardship or danger could appall them, and no obstacle, however insurmountable it might seem, give them pause. . . . Shod only in sandals made of the fiber of the maguey, their sackcloth gowns scant and worn, they undertook long journeys, sleeping upon rush mats, their pillow a log or handful of dry grasses. . . . While the discipline which they practiced may to-day provoke the smile of a less austere generation, it cannot but awaken admiration and respect for their force of character, their singleness of purpose, their heroic endurance, and their unfaltering faith." It was priests such as these who by their self-sacrifice won the love of the natives both in America and in the Philippines, and so built up the power of the Spanish Church and State. Have we teachers animated by nobler motives or ready to make greater sacrifices? C. B. S.



THE ERMITA DISTRICT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



J. PIERPONT MORGAN
Of the United States Steel Corporation.



THEODORE J. SHAFFER
President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers.

The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XII.—Seed-Time

THE day after Big Mack's funeral, Ranald was busy polishing Lisette's glossy skin, before the stable door. This was his favorite remedy for gloomy thoughts, and Ranald was full of gloomy thoughts to-day. His father, though going about the house, was still weak, and, worse than all, was fretting in his weakness. He was oppressed with the terrible fear that he would never again be able to do a man's work, and Ranald knew from the dark look in his father's face that day and night the desire for vengeance was gnawing at his heart, and Ranald knew something of the bitterness of this desire from the fierce longing that lay deep in his own. Some day, when his fingers would be feeling for Le Noir's throat, he would drink long and fully that sweet draught of vengeance. He knew, too, that it added to the bitterness in his father's heart to know that, in the spring's work that every warm day was bringing nearer, he could take no part; and that was partly the cause of Ranald's gloom. With the slow-moving oxen, he could hardly hope to get the seed in in time, and they needed the crop this year if ever they did, for last year's interest on the mortgage was still unpaid and the next installment was nearly due.

As he was putting the finishing touches upon Lisette's satin skin, Yankee drove up to the yard with his Fox horse and buckboard. His box was strapped on behind, and his blankets, rolled up in a bundle, filled the seat beside him.

"Mornin'," he called to Ranald. "Purty fine shine, that, and purty fine mare, all round," he continued, walking about Lisette and noting admiringly her beautiful proportions.

"Purty fine beast," he said, in a low tone, running his hands down her legs. "Guess you wouldn't care to part with that mare?"

"No," said Ranald, shortly, but as he spoke his heart sank within him.

"Ought to fetch a fairly good figure," continued Yankee, meditatively. "Le's see. She's from La Roque's Lisette, ain't she? Ought to have some speed." He untied Lisette's halter. "Take her down in the yard yonder," he said to Ranald.

Ranald threw the halter over Lisette's neck, sprang on her back, and sent her down the lane at a good smart pace. At the bottom of the lane he wheeled her, and, riding low upon her neck, came back to the barn like a whirlwind.

"By jings!" exclaimed Yankee, surprised out of his lazy drawl, "she's got it, you bet your last brick. See here, boy, there's money into that animal. Thought I would like to have her for my buckboard, but I have got an onfortunite conscience that won't let me do up any partner, so I guess I can't make any offer."

Ranald stood beside Lisette, his arm thrown over her beautiful neck and his hand fondling her gently about the ears. "I will not sell her." His voice was low and fierce, and all the more so because he knew that was just what he would do, and his heart was sick with the pain of the thought.

"I say," said Yankee, suddenly, "cudn't bunk me in your loft, cud you? Can't stand the town. Too close."

The confining limitations of the Twentieth, that metropolitan center of some dozen buildings, including the sawmill and blacksmith shop, were too trying for Yankee's nervous system.

"Yes, indeed," said Ranald, heartily. "We will be very glad to have you, and it will be the very best thing for father."

"S'pose old Fox cud nibble round the brûlé," continued Yankee, nodding his head toward his sorrel horse. "Don't think I will do much drivin' machine business. Rather slow." Yankee spent the summer months selling sewing-machines and new patent churns.

"There's plenty of pasture," said Ranald, "and Fox will soon make friends with Lisette. She is very kind, whatever."

"Ain't ever hitched her, have you?" said Yankee.

"No."

"Well, might hitch her up some day. Guess you wudn't hurt the buckboard."

"Not likely," said Ranald, looking at the old, ramshackle affair.

"Used to drive some, myself," said Yankee. But to this idea Ranald did not take kindly.

Yankee stood for a few moments looking down the lane and over the fields, and then, turning to Ranald, said, "Guess it's about ready to begin plowin'. Got quite a lot of it to do, too, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Ranald, "I was thinking I would be beginning to-morrow."

"Purty slow business with the oxen. How would it do to hitch up Lisette and old Fox yonder?"

Then Ranald understood the purpose of Yankee's visit.

"I would be very glad," said Ranald, a great load lifting from his heart. "I was afraid of the work with only the oxen." And then, after a pause, he added, "What did you mean about buying Lisette?" He was anxious to have that point settled.

"I said what I meant," answered Yankee. "I thought perhaps you would rather have the money than the colt, but I tell you what, I hain't got money enough to put into that bird, and don't you talk selling to any one till we see her gait hitched up. But I guess a little of the plow won't hurt for a few weeks or so."

Next day Lisette left behind her forever the free, happy days of colthood. At first Ranald was unwilling to trust her to any other hands than his own, but when he saw how skillfully and gently Yankee handled her, soothing her while he harnessed and hitched her up, he recognized that she was safer with Yankee than with himself, and allowed him to have the reins.

They spent the morning driving up and down the lane with Lisette and Fox hitched to the stone-boat. The colt had been kindly treated from her earliest days, and consequently knew nothing of fear. She stepped daintily beside old Fox, fretting and chafing in the harness, but without thought of any violent objection. In the afternoon the colt was put through her morning experience, with the variation that the stone-boat was piled up with a fairly heavy load of earth and stone. And, about noon the day following, Lisette was turning her furrow with all the steadiness of a horse twice her age.

Before two weeks were over, Yankee with the horses and Ranald with the oxen had finished the plowing, and in another ten days the fields lay smooth and black with the seed harrowed safely in waiting for the rain.

Yankee's visit had been a godsend, not only to Ranald with his work, but also to Macdonald Dhu. He would talk to the grim, silent man by the hour, after the day's work was done, far into the night, till at length he managed to draw from him the secret of his misery.

"I will never be a man again," he said bitterly to Yankee. "And there is the farm all to pay for. I have put it off too long and now it is too late, and it is all because of that—that—brute beast of a Frenchman."

"Mean cuss," ejaculated Yankee.

"And I am saying," continued Macdonald Dhu, opening his heart still further, "I am saying, it was no fair fight, whatever. I could whip him with one hand. It was when I was pulling out Big Mack, poor fellow, from under the heap, that he took me unawares."

"That's so," assented Yankee. "Blamed low-down trick."

"And, oh, I will be praying God to give me strength just to meet him. I will ask no more. But," he added in bitter despair, "there is no use for me to pray. Strength will come to me no more."

"Well," said Yankee, brightly, "needn't worry about that varmint. He ain't worth it, anyhow."

"Aye, he is not worth it indeed, and that is the man who has brought me to this." That was the bitter part to Macdonald Dhu. A man he despised had beaten him.

"Now look here," said Yankee, "course I ain't much good at this, but if you will just quit worryin', I'll undertake to settle this little account with Mr. Le Nware."

"And what good would that be to me?" said Macdonald Dhu. "It is myself that wants to meet him." It was not so much the destruction of Le Noir that he desired as that he should have the destroying of him. While he cherished this feeling in his heart, it was not strange that the minister in his visits found Black Hugh unapproachable, and concluded that he was in a state of settled "hardness of heart." His wife knew better, but even she dared not approach Macdonald Dhu on that subject, which had not been mentioned between them since the morning he had opened his heart to her. The dark, haggard, gloomy face haunted her. She longed to help him to peace. It was this that sent her to his brother, Macdonald Bhain, to whom she told as much of the story as she thought wise.

"I am afraid he will never come to peace with God until he comes to peace with this man," she said, sadly, "and it is a bitter load that he is carrying with him."

"I will talk with him," answered Macdonald Bhain, and at the end of the week he took his way across to his brother's home.

He found him down in the brûlé, where he spent most of his days toiling hard with his ax in spite of the earnest entreaties of Ranald. He was cutting a big tree that the fire had laid prone, but the ax was falling with the stroke of a weak man.

As he finished his cut, his brother called to him, "That is no work for you, Hugh; that is no work for a man who has been for six weeks in his bed."

"It is work that must be done, however," Black Hugh answered, bitterly.

"Give me the ax," said Macdonald Bhain. He mounted the tree as his brother stepped down, and swung his ax deep into the wood with a mighty blow. Then he remembered, and stopped. He would not add to his brother's bitterness by an exhibition of his mighty, unshaken strength. He stuck the ax into the log, and, standing up, looked over the brûlé. "It is a fine bit of ground, Hugh, and will raise a good crop of potatoes."

"Aye," said Macdonald Dhu, sadly. "It has lain like this for three years, and ought to have been cleared long ago, if I had been doing my duty."

"Indeed, it will burn all the better for that," said his brother, cheerfully. "And, as for the potatoes, there is a bit of my clearing that Ranald might as well use."

But Black Hugh shook his head. "Ranald will use no man's clearing but his own," he said. "I am afraid he has got too much of his father in him for his own good."

Macdonald Bhain glanced at his brother's face with a look of mingled pity and admiration. "Ah," he said, "Hugh, it's a proud man you are. Macdonalds have plenty of that, whatever, and we come by it good enough. Do you remember at home, when our father"—and he went off into a reminiscence of their boyhood days, talking in gentle, kindly, loving tones, till the shadow began to lift from his brother's face, and he, too, began to talk. They spoke of their father, who had always been to them a kind of hero, and of their mother, who had lived and toiled and suffered for her family with uncomplaining patience.

"She was a good woman," said Macdonald Bhain, with a note of tenderness in his voice. "And it was the hard load she had to bear, and I would to God she were living now, that I might make up to her something of what she suffered for me."

"And I am thankful to God," said his brother, bitterly, "that she is not here to see me now. for it would but add to the heavy burden I often laid upon her.

"You will not be saying that," said Macdonald Bhain. "But I am saying that the Lord will be honored in you yet."

"Indeed, there is not much for me," said his brother, gloomily, "but the sick-bed and six feet or more of the damp earth."

"Hugh, man," said his brother, hastily, "you must not be talking like that. It is not the speech of a brave man. It is the speech of a man that is beaten in his fight."

"Beaten!" echoed his brother, with a kind of cry. "You have said the word. Beaten it is, and by a man that is no equal of mine. You know that," he said, appealing almost anxiously to his brother. "You know that well. You know that I am brought to this"—he held up his gaunt, bony hands—"by a man that is no equal of mine, and I will never be able to look him in the face and say as much to him. But if the Almighty would send him to hell, I would be following him there."

"Whisht, Hugh," said Macdonald Bhain, in a voice of awe. "It is a terrible word you have said, and may the Lord forgive you."

"Forgive me!" echoed his brother in a kind of frenzy. "Indeed, He will not be doing that. Did not the minister's wife tell me as much?"

"No, no," said his brother. "She would not be saying that."

"Indeed, that is her very word," said Black Hugh.

"She could not say that," said his brother, "for it is not the Word of God."

"Indeed," replied Black Hugh, like a man who had thought it all out, "she would be reading it out of the Book to me that unless I would be forgiving, that—that—" he paused, not being able to find a word, but went on—"then I need not hope to be forgiven my own self."

"Yes, yes. That is true," assented Macdonald Bhain. "But, by the grace of God, you will forgive, and you will be forgiven."

"Forgive!" cried Black Hugh, his face convulsed with passion. "Hear me." He raised his hand to heaven. "If I ever forgive—"

But his brother caught his arm and drew it down swiftly, saying: "Whisht, man! Don't tempt the Almighty." Then he added, "You would not be shutting yourself out from the presence of the Lord and from the presence of those he has taken to himself?"

His brother stood silent a few moments, his hard, dark face swept with a storm of emotions. Then he said, brokenly: "It is not for me, I doubt."

But his brother caught him by the arm and said to him, "Hear me, Hugh. It is for you."

They walked on in silence till they were near the house. Ranald and Yankee were driving their teams into the yard.

"That is a fine lad," said Macdonald Bhain, pointing to Ranald.

"Aye," said his brother; "it is a pity he has not a better chance. He is great for his books, but he has no chance, whatever, and he will be a bowed man before he has cleared this farm and paid the debt on it."

"Never you fear," said his brother. "Ranald will do well. But, man, what a size he is!"

"He is that," said his father, proudly. "He is as big as his father, and I doubt some day he may be as good a man as his uncle."

"God grant he may be a better!" said Macdonald Bhain, reverently.

"If he be as good," said his brother, kindly, "I will be content; but I will not be here to see it."

"Whisht, man," said his brother, hastily. "You are not to speak such things, nor have them in your mind."

"Ah," said Macdonald Dhu, sadly, "my day is not far off, and that I know right well."

Macdonald Bhain flung his arm hastily round his brother's shoulder. "Do not speak like that, Hugh," he said, his voice breaking suddenly. And then he drew away his arm as if ashamed of his emotion, and said, with kindly dignity, "Please God, you will see many days yet, and see your boy come to honor among men."

But Black Hugh only shook his head in silence.

Before they came to the door, Macdonald Bhain said, with seeming indifference, "You have not been to church since you got up, Hugh. You will be going to-morrow if it is a fine day."

"It is too long a walk, I doubt," answered his brother.

"That it is, but Yankee will drive you in his buckboard," said Macdonald Bhain.

"In the buckboard?" said Macdonald Dhu. "And, indeed, I was never in a buckboard in my life."

"It is not too late to begin to-morrow," said his brother. And it will do you good."

"I doubt that," said Black Hugh, gloomily. "The church will not be doing me much good any more."

"Do not say such a thing; and Yankee will drive you in his buckboard to-morrow."

His brother did not promise, but next day the congregation received a shock of surprise to see Macdonald Dhu walk down the aisle to his place in the church. And through all the days of the spring and summer his place was never empty; and though the shadow never lifted from his face, the minister's wife felt comforted about him and waited for the day of his deliverance.

Chapter XIII.—The Logging Bee

Macdonald Bhain's visit to his brother was fruitful in another way. After taking counsel with Yankee and Kirsty, he resolved that he would speak to his neighbors and make a "Bee," to attack the brûlé. He knew better than to consult either his brother or his nephew, feeling sure that their Highland pride would forbid accepting any such favor, and all the more because it seemed to be needed. But without their leave the Bee was arranged, and in the beginning of the following week the house of Macdonald Dhu was thrown into a state of unparalleled confusion, and Kirsty went about in a state of dishevelment that gave token that the daily struggle with dirt had reached the acute stage. From top to bottom, inside and outside, everything that could be scrubbed was scrubbed, and then she settled about her baking, but with all caution, lest she should excite her brother's or her nephew's suspicion. It was a good thing that little baking was required, for the teams that brought the men with their axes and logging-chains for the day's work at the brûlé brought also their sisters and mothers with baskets of provisions. A logging bee without the sisters and mothers with their baskets would hardly be an unmixed blessing.

The first man to arrive with his team was Peter McGregor's Angus, and with him came his sister Bella. He was shortly afterwards followed by other teams in rapid succession—the Rosses, the McKerachers, the Camerons, both Don and Murdie, the Rory McCusigs, the McRaes, two or three families of them, the Frasers, and others, till some fifteen teams and forty men, and boys who thought themselves quite men, lined up in front of the brûlé.

The bee was a great affair, for Macdonald Bhain was held in high regard by the people; and, besides this, the misfortune that had befallen his brother, and the circumstances under which it had overtaken him, had aroused in the community a very deep sympathy for him, and people were glad of the opportunity to manifest this sympathy. And, more than all, a logging bee was an event that always promised more or less excitement and social festivity.

Yankee was "boss" for the day. This position would naturally have fallen to Macdonald Bhain, but at his brother's bee Macdonald Bhain shrank from taking the leading place.

The men with the axes went first, chopping up the half-burnt logs into lengths suitable for the burning-piles, clearing away the brushwood, and cutting through the big roots of the fire-eaten stumps so that they might more easily be pulled. Then followed the teams with their logging-chains, hauling the logs to the piles, jerking out and drawing off the stumps whose huge roots stuck up high into the air, and drawing great heaps of brushwood to aid in reducing the heavy logs to ashes. At each log-pile stood a man with a hand-spike to help the driver to get the log into position, a work requiring strength and skill, and, above all, a knowledge of the ways of logs which comes only by experience. It was at this work that Macdonald Bhain shone. With his mighty strength he could hold steady one end of a log until the team could haul the other into its place.

The stump-pulling was always attended with more or less interest and excitement. Stumps, as well as logs, have their ways, and it takes a long experience to understand the ways of stumps.

In stump-hauling young Aleck McRae was an expert. He rarely failed to detect the weak side of a stump. He knew his team, and, what was of far greater importance, his team knew him. They were partly of French-Canadian stock, not as large as Farquhar McNaughton's big, fat blacks, but "as full of spirit as a bottle of whisky," as Aleck himself would say. Their first tentative pulls at the stump were taken with caution, until their driver and themselves had taken the full measure of the strength of the enemy. But when once Aleck had made up his mind that victory was possible, and had given them the call for the final effort, then his team put their bodies and souls into the pull, and never drew back till something came. Their driver was accustomed to boast that never yet had they failed to honor his call.

Farquhar's handsome blacks, on the other hand, were never handled after this fashion. They were slow and sure and steady, like their driver. Their great weight gave them a mighty advantage in a pull, but never, in all the solemn course of their existence, had they thrown themselves into any doubtful trial of strength. In a slow, steady haul they were to be relied upon ; but they never could be got to jerk, and a jerk is an important feature in stump-hauling tactics. To-day, however, a new experience was awaiting them. Farquhar was an old man and slow, and Yankee, while he was unwilling to hurry him, was equally unwilling that his team should not do a full day's work. He persuaded Farquhar that his presence was necessary at one of the piles, not with the hand-spike, but simply to superintend the arranging of the mass for burning. "For it ain't every man," Yankee declared, "could build a pile to burn." As for his team, Yankee persuaded the old man that Ranald was unequaled in handling horses, that last winter no driver in the camp was up to him. Reluctantly Farquhar handed his team over to Ranald, and stood for some time watching the result of the new combination.

Ranald was a born horseman. He loved horses and understood them. Slowly he moved the blacks at their work, knowing that horses are sensitive to a new hand and voice and that he must adapt himself to their ways, if he would bring them at last to his. Before long Farquhar was contented to go off to his pile, satisfied that his team were in good hands, and not sorry to be relieved of the necessity of hurrying his pace through the long, hot day, as would have been necessary in order to keep up with the other drivers.

For each team a strip of the brûlé was marked out to clear after the axes. The logs, brush, and stumps had to be removed and dragged to the burning-piles. Aleck with his active, invincible French-Canadians, Ranald with Farquhar's big sleek blacks, and Don with his father's team, worked side by side. A contest was inevitable, and before an hour had passed Don and Aleck, while making a great show of deliberation, were striving for the first place, with Aleck easily leading. Like a piece of machinery, Aleck and his team worked together. Quickly and neatly both driver and horses moved about their work with perfect understanding of each other. With hardly a touch of the lines, but almost entirely by word of command, Aleck guided his team. And when he took up the whippletrees to swing them around to a log or stump, his horses wheeled at once into place. It was beautiful to see them, wheeling, backing, hauling, pulling, without loss of time or temper.

With Don and his team it was all hard work. His horses was willing and quick enough, but they were ill trained and needed constant tugging at the lines. In vain Don shouted and cracked his whip, hurrying his team to his pile and back again ; the horses only grew more and more awkward, while they foamed and fretted and tired themselves out.

Behind came Ranald, still humoring his slow-going team with easy hand and quiet voice. But, while he refrained from hurrying his horses, he himself worked hard, and by his good judgment and skill with the chain, and in skidding the logs into his pile, in which his training in the shanty had made him more than a match for any one in the field, many minutes were saved.

When the cow-bell sounded for dinner, Aleck's team stepped off for the barn, wet, but fresh and frisky as ever, and in perfect heart. Don's horses appeared fretted and jaded, while Ranald brought in his blacks with their glossy skins white with foam where the harness had chafed, but unfretted, and apparently as ready for work as when they began.

"You have spoiled the shine of your team," said Aleck, looking over Ranald's horses as he brought them up to the trough. "Better turn them out for the afternoon. They can't stand much more of that pace."

Aleck was evidently trying to be good-natured, but he could not hide the sneer in his tone. They had neither of them forgotten the incident at the church door, and both felt that it would not be closed until more had been said about it. But to-day Ranald was in the place of host, and it behooved him to be courteous, and Aleck was in good humor with himself, for his team had easily led the field, and, besides, he was engaged in a kind and neighborly undertaking, and he was too much of a man to spoil it by any private grudge. He would have to wait for his settlement with Ranald.

During the hour and a half allowed for dinner Ranald took his horses to the well, washed off their legs, removed their harness, and led them to a cool spot behind the barn, and there, while they munched their oats, he gave them a good hard rub-down, so that when he brought them into the field again his team looked as glossy and felt as fresh as before they began the day's work.

As Ranald appeared on the field with his glossy blacks, Aleck glanced at the horses, and began to feel that, in the contest for first place, it was Ranald he had to fear, with his cool, steady team, rather than Don. Not that any suspicion crossed his mind that Farquhar McNaughton's sleek, slow-going horses could ever hold their own with his, but he made up his mind that Ranald, at least, was worth watching.

"Bring up your gentry," he called to Ranald, "if you are not too fine for common folks. Man, that team of yours," he continued, "should never be put to work like this. Their feet should never be off pavement."

"Never you mind," said Ranald, quietly. "I am coming after you, and perhaps before night the blacks may show you their heels yet."

"There's lots of room," said Aleck, scornfully, and they both set to work with all the skill and strength that lay in themselves and in their teams.

For the first hour or two Ranald was contented to follow, letting his team take their way, but saving every moment he could by his own efforts. So that, without fretting his horses in the least, or without moving them perceptibly out of their ordinary gait, he found himself a little nearer to Aleck than he had been at noon; but the heavy lifting and quick work began to tell upon him. His horses, he knew, would not stand very much hurrying. They were too fat for any extra exertion in such heat, and so Ranald was about to resign himself to defeat, when he observed that in the western sky clouds were coming up. At the same time a cool breeze began to blow, and he took fresh heart. If he could hurry his team a little more, he might catch Aleck yet; so he held his own a little longer, preserving the same steady pace, until the clouds from the west had covered all the sky. Then gradually he began to quicken his horses' movements and to put them on heavier loads. Wherever opportunity offered, instead of a single log, or at most two, he would take three or four for his load; and, in ways known only to horsemen, he began to stir up the spirit of his team, and to make them feel something of his own excitement.

To such good purpose did he plan, and so nobly did his team respond to his quiet but persistent pressure, that, ere Aleck was aware, Ranald was up on his flank; and then they each knew that until the supper-bell rang each would have to use to the best advantage every moment of time and every ounce of strength in himself and his team if he was to win first place.

Somehow the report of the contest went over the field, till at length it reached the ears of Farquhar. At once the old man, seized with anxiety for his team and moved by the fear of what Kirsty might say if the news ever reached her ears, set off across the brûlé to remonstrate with Ranald and, if necessary, rescue his team from peril.

But Don saw him coming, and, knowing that every moment was precious, and dreading lest the old man should snatch from Ranald the victory which seemed to be at least possible for him, arrested Farquhar with a call for assistance with a big log, and then engaged him in conversation upon the merits of his splendid team.

"And look," cried he, admiringly, "how Ranald is handling them! Did you ever see the likes of that?"

The old man stood watching for a few moments, doubtfully enough, while Don continued pouring forth the praises of his horses, and the latter, as he noticed Farquhar's eyes glisten with pride, ventured to hint that before the day was done "he would make Aleck McRae and his team look sick. And without a hurt to the blacks, too," he put in, diplomatically, "for Ranald is not the man to hurt a team." And as Farquhar stood and watched Ranald at his work and noted with surprise how briskly and cleverly the blacks swung into their places, and detected also with his experienced eye that Aleck was beginning to show signs of hurry, he entered into the spirit of the contest, and determined to allow his team to win victory for themselves and their driver if they could.

The axmen had finished their "stent." It wanted still an hour of supper-time, and, surely if slowly, Ranald was making toward first place. The other teams were left far behind with their work, and the whole field began to center attention upon the two that were now confessedly engaged in desperate conflict at the front. One by one the axmen drew toward the end of the field, where Ranald and Aleck were fighting out their fight, all pretense of deliberation on the part of the drivers having by this time been dropped. They no longer walked as they hitched their chains about the logs or stumps, but sprang with eager haste to their work. One by one the other teamsters abandoned their teams and moved across the field to join the crowd already gathered about the contestants. Among them came Macdonald Bhain, who had been working at the farthest corner of the brûlé. As soon as he arrived upon the scene and understood what was going on, he cried to Ranald: "That will do now, Ranald; it will be time to quit."

Ranald was about to stop, and, indeed, had checked his horses, when Aleck, whose blood was up, called out tauntingly, "Aye, it would be better for him and his horses to stop. They need it bad enough."

This was too much for even Farquhar's sluggish blood. "Let them go, Ranald!" he cried. "Let them go, man! Never you fear for the horses, if you take down the spunk o' yon crowing cock."

It was just what Ranald needed to spur him on—a taunt from his foe and leave from Farquhar to push his team.

Before each lay a fallen tree cut into lengths and two or three half-burnt stumps. Ranald's tree was much the bigger. A single length would have been an ordinary load for the blacks, but their driver felt that their strength and spirit were both equal to much more than this. He determined to clear away the whole tree at a single load. As soon as he heard Farquhar's voice, he seized hold of the whippletrees, struck his team a sharp blow with the lines—their first blow that day—swung them round to the top of the tree, ran the chain through its swivel, hooked an end round each of the top lengths, swung them in towards the butt, unhooked his chain, gathered all three lengths into a single load, faced his horses toward the pile, and shouted at them. The blacks, unused to this sort of treatment, were prancing with excitement, and when the word came they threw themselves into their collars with a fierceness that nothing could check, and, amid the admiring shouts of the crowd, tore the logs through the black soil and landed them safely at the pile. It was the work of only a few minutes to unhitch the chain, haul the logs, one by one, into place, and dash back with his team at the gallop for the stumps, while Aleck had still another load of logs to draw.

Ranald's first stump came out with little trouble, and was borne at full speed to the pile. The second stump gave him more difficulty, and before it would yield he had to sever two or three of its thickest roots.

Together the teams swung round to their last stump. The excitement in the crowd was intense. Aleck's team were moving swiftly and with the steadiness of clockwork. The blacks were frantic with excitement and hard to control. Ranald's last stump was a pine of medium size, whose roots were partly burned away. It looked like an easy victim. Aleck's was an ugly-looking little elm.

Ranald thought he would try his first pull without the use of the ax. Quickly he backed up his team to the stump, passed the chain round a root on the far side, drew the big hook far up the chain, hitched it so as to give the shortest possible draught, threw the chain over the top of the stump to give it purchase, picked up his lines, and called to his team. With a rush the blacks went at it. The chain slipped up on the root, tightened, bit into the wood, and then the blacks flung back. Ranald swung them round the point and tried them again, but still the stump refused to budge.

All this time he could hear Aleck chopping furiously at his elm-roots, and he knew that unless he had his stump out before his rival had his chain hitched for the pull the victory was lost.

"For a moment or two he hesitated, looking round for the ax.

"Try them again, Ranald," cried Farquhar. "Haw them a bit."

Once more Ranald picked up the lines, swung his horses round to the left, held them steady a moment or two, and then with a yell sent them at their pull. Magnificently the blacks responded, furiously tearing up the ground with their feet. A moment or two they hung straining on their chain, refusing to come back, when slowly the stump began to move.

"You have got it," cried Farquhar. "Gee them a point or two."

But already Ranald had seen that this was necessary, and once more backed his team to readjust the chain, which had slipped off the top. As he fastened the hook he heard a sharp "Back!" behind him, and he knew that the next moment Aleck's team would be away with their load. With a yell he sprang at his lines, lashed the blacks over the back and called to them once more. Again his team responded, and, with a mighty heave, the stump came slowly out, carrying with it what looked like half a ton of earth. But even as it heaved he heard Aleck's call and the answering crash, and before he could get his team a-going, the French-Canadians were off for their pile at a gallop, with the lines flying in the air behind them. A moment later he followed, the blacks hauling their stump at a run.

Together he and Aleck reached the pile. It only remained now to unhook the chain. In vain he tugged and hauled. The chain was buried deep beneath the stump and refused to move, and before he could swing his team about and turn the stump over, he heard Aleck's shout of victory.

But as he dropped his chain and was leisurely backing his horses, he heard old Farquhar cry, "Hurry, man! Hurry, for the life of you!"

Without waiting to inquire the reason, Ranald wheeled his team, gave the stump a half-turn, released his chain, and drove off from the pile, to find Aleck still busy hooking his chain to his whippletree.

Aleck had had the same difficulty in freeing his chain as Ranald, but instead of trying to detach it from the stump, he had unhooked the other end, and then, with a mighty backward jerk, had snatched it from the stump. But before he could attach it to his place on the whippletree again, Ranald stood ready for work.

"A win, lad! A win!" cried old Farquhar, more excited than he had been for years.

"It is no win," said Aleck, hotly.

"No, no, lads," said Macdonald Bhain, before Farquhar could reply. "It is as even a match as could well be. It is fine teams you both have got, and you have handled them well."

But, all the same, Ranald's friends were wildly enthusiastic over what they called his victory, and Don could hardly keep his hands off him, for very joy.

Aleck, on the other hand, while claiming the victory because his team was at the pile first, was not so sure of it but that he was ready to fight with any one venturing to dispute his claim. But the men all laughed at him and his rage, until he found it wiser to be good humored about it.

"Yon lad will be making as good a man as yourself," said Farquhar, enthusiastically, to Macdonald Bhain, as Ranald drove his team to the stable.

"Aye, and a better, pray God," said Macdonald Bhain, fervently, looking after Ranald with loving eyes. There was no child in his home, and his brother's son was as his own.

Meanwhile Don had hurried on, leaving his team with Murdie that he might sing Ranald's praises to "the girls," with whom Ranald was highly popular, although he avoided them, or perhaps because he did so, the ways of women being past understanding.

To Mrs. Murray and Maimie, who, with the minister and Hughie, had come over to the supper, he went first with his tale. Graphically he depicted the struggle from its beginning to the last dramatic rush to the pile, dilating upon Ranald's skill and pluck, and upon the wonderful and hitherto unknown virtues of Farquhar's shiny blacks.

"You ought to see them!" cried Don. "You bet they never moved in their lives the way they did to-day. Tied him!" he continued. "Tied him! Beat him, I say, but Macdonald Bhain says 'Tied him'—Aleck McRae, who thinks himself so mighty smart with his team."

Don forgot in his excitement that the

McRaes and their friends were there in numbers.

"So he is," cried Annie Ross, one of Aleck's admirers. "There is not a man in the Indian Lands that can beat Aleck and his team."

"Well," exulted Don, "a boy came pretty near it to-day."

But Annie only stuck out her lip at him in the inimitable female manner, and ran off to add to the mischief that Don had already made between Ranald and his rival.

But now the day's work was over, and the hour for the day's event had come, for supper was the great event to which all things moved at Bees. The long tables stood under the maple-trees, spread with the richest, rarest, deadliest dainties known to the housewives and maidens of the countryside. About the tables stood in groups the white-aproned girls, tucked and frilled, curled and ribboned into all degrees of bewitching loveliness. The men hurried away with their teams and then gave themselves to the serious duty of getting ready for supper, using many pails of water in their efforts to remove the black from the burnt wood of the brûlé.

At length the women lost all patience with them, and sent Annie Ross, with two or three companions, to call them to supper. With arms intertwined, and with much chattering and giggling, the girls made their way to the group of men, some of whom were engaged in putting the finishing touches to their toilet.

"Supper is ready," cried Annie, "and long past ready. You need not be trying to fix yourselves up so fine. You are just as bad as any girls. Oh!" Her speech ended in a shriek, which was echoed by the others, for Aleck McRae rushed at them, stretching out his black hands toward them. But they were too quick for him, and fled for protection to the safe precincts of the tables.

At length, when the last of the men had made themselves, as they thought, presentable, they began to make their approach to the tables, slowly and shyly for the most part, each waiting for the other. Aleck McRae, however, knew little of shyness, but walked past the different groups of girls, throwing on either hand a smile, a wink, or a word, as he might find suitable.

Suddenly he came upon the group where the minister's wife and her niece were standing. Here, for the moment, his ease forsook him, but Mrs. Murray came to meet him with outstretched hand.

"So you still retain your laurels?" she said, with a frank smile. "I hear it was a great battle."

Aleck shook hands with her rather awkwardly. He was not on the easiest terms with the minister and his wife. He belonged distinctly to the careless set, and rather enjoyed the distinction.

"Oh, it was not much," he said; "the teams were well matched."

"Oh, I should like to have been there. You should have told us beforehand."

"Oh, it was more than I expected myself," he said. "I didn't think it was in Farquhar's team."

He could not bring himself to give any credit to Ranald, and, though Mrs. Murray saw this, she refused to notice it. She was none the less anxious to win Aleck's confidence because she was Ranald's friend.

"Do you know my niece?" she said, turning to Maimie.

Aleck looked into Maimie's face with such open admiration that she felt the blush come up in her cheeks.

"Indeed, she is worth knowing, but I don't think she will care to take such a hand as that," he said, stretching out a hand still grimy in spite of much washing. But Maimie had learned something since coming to her aunt, and she no longer judged men by the fit of their clothes, or the color of their skin, or the length of their hair; and indeed, as she looked at Aleck with his close-buttoned smock, and overalls with the legs tucked neatly into the tops of his boots, she thought he was the trimmest figure she had seen since coming to the country. She took Aleck's hand and shook it warmly, the full admiration in his handsome black eyes setting her blood tingling with that love of conquest that lies in every woman's heart. So she flung out her flag of war, and smiled back at him her sweetest.

"You have a fine team, I hear," she said, as her aunt moved away to greet some of the other men, who were evidently waiting to get a word with her.

"That I have, you better believe," replied Aleck, proudly.

"It was very clever of Ranald to come so near beating you, wasn't it?" she said, innocently. "He must be a splendid driver."

"He drives pretty well," admitted Aleck. "He did nothing else all last winter in the shanties."

"He is so young, too," went on Maimie. "Just a boy, isn't he?"

Aleck was not sure how to take this. "He does not think so," he answered, shortly. "He thinks he is no end of a man, but he will have to learn something before he is much older."

"But he can drive, you say," continued Maimie, wickedly keeping her finger on the sore spot.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Aleck, boldly. "You think a lot of him, don't you? And I guess you are a pair."

Mamie tossed her head at this. "We are very good friends, of course," she said, lightly. "He is a very nice boy, and we are all fond of him; but he is just a boy; he is Hughie's great friend."

"A boy, is he?" laughed Aleck. "That may be, but he is very fond of you, whatever, and, indeed, I don't wonder at that. Anybody would be," he added, boldly.

"You don't know a bit about it," said Maimie, with cheeks glowing.

"About what?"

"About Ranald and—and—what you said."

"What I said? About being fond of you? Indeed, I know all about that. The boys are all broke up, not to speak of myself."

This was going a little too fast for Maimie. She knew nothing, as yet, of the freedom of country banter. She was new to the warfare, but she was not going to lower her flag or retreat. She changed the subject. "Your team must have been very tired."

"Tired!" exclaimed Aleck, "not a bit. They will go home like birds. Come along with me, and you will see."

Maimie gasped. "I—" she hesitated, glanced past Aleck, blushed, and stammered.

Aleck turned about quickly and saw Ranald staring at Maimie. "Oh," he said, banteringly, "I see. You would not be allowed."

"Allowed!" echoed Maimie. "And why not, pray? Who will hinder me?"

But Aleck only shrugged his shoulders and looked at Ranald, who passed on to his place at the table, black as a thundercloud. Maimie was indignant at him. What right had he to stare and look so savage? She would just show him. So she turned once more to Aleck, and, with a gay laugh, cried, "Some day I will accept your invitation, so just make ready."

"Any day, or every day, and the more days the better," cried Aleck, as he sat down at the table, where all had now taken their places.

The supper was a great success. With much laughter and chaffing, the girls flitted from place to place, pouring cups of tea and passing the various dishes, urging the men to eat, till, as Don said, they were "full to the neck."

When all had finished, Mr. Murray, who sat at the head of the table, rose in his place and said:

"Gentlemen, before we rise from this table, which has been spread so bountifully for us, I wish to return thanks on behalf of Mr. Macdonald to the neighbors and friends who have gathered to-day to assist in this work. Mr. Macdonald asked me to say that he is all the more surprised at this kindness, in that he feels himself to be so unworthy of it. I promised to speak this word for him, but I do not agree with the sentiment. Mr. Macdonald is a man whom we all love, and in whose misfortune we deeply sympathize, and I only hope that this Providence may be greatly blessed to him, and that we will all come to know him better, and to see God's hand in his misfortune."

The minister then, after some further remarks expressive of the good will of the neighbors for Mr. Macdonald, and in appreciation of the kind spirit that prompted the Bee, returned thanks, and the supper was over.

As the men were leaving the table, Aleck watched his opportunity and called to Maimie, when he was sure Ranald could hear, "Well, when will you be ready for that drive?"

And Maimie, who was more indignant at Ranald than ever because he had ignored all her advances at supper, and had received her congratulations upon his victory with nothing more than a grunt, answered Aleck brightly: "Oh, any day that you happen to remember."

"Remember!" cried Aleck; "then that will be every day until our ride comes off."

A few minutes later, as Ranald was hitching up Farquhar's team, Aleck passed by, and, in great good humor with himself, chaffingly called out to Ranald in the presence of a number of the men, "That's a fine girl you've got, Ranald. But you better keep your eye on her."

Ranald made no reply. He was fast losing command of himself.

"Pretty skittish to handle, isn't she?" continued Aleck.

"What y're talkin' 'bout? That Lisette mare?" said Yankee, walking round to Ranald's side. "Purty slick beast, that. Guess there ain't anythin' in this country will make her take dust."

Then in a low voice he said to Ranald, hurriedly, "Don't you mind him; don't you mind him. You can't touch him to-day, on your own place. Let me handle him."

"No," said Aleck. "We were talking about another colt of Ranald's."

"What's that?" said Yankee, pretending not to hear. "Yes, you bet," he continued. "Ranald can handle her all right. He knows something about horses, as I guess you have found out, perhaps, by this time. Never saw anything so purty. Didn't know your team had got that move in them, Mr. McNaughton," Yankee went on to Farquhar, who had just come up.

"Indeed, they are none the worse of it," said Farquhar, rubbing his hands over the sleek sides of his horses.

"Worse!" cried Yankee. "They're worth a hundred dollars more from this day on."

"I don't know that. The hundred dollars ought to go upon the driver," said Farquhar, putting his hand kindly upon Ranald's shoulder.

But this Ranald warmly repudiated. "They are a great team," he said to Farquhar. "And they could do better than they did to-day, if they were better handled."

"Indeed, it would be difficult to get that," said Farquhar, "for, in my opinion, there is not a man in the country that could handle them as well."

This was too much for Aleck, who, having by this time got his horses hitched, mounted his wagon seat and came round to the door at a gallop.

"Saved you that time, my boy," said Yankee to Ranald. "You would have made a fool of yourself in about two minutes more, I guess."

But Ranald was still too wrathful to be grateful for Yankee's help. "I will be even with him some day," he said, between his teeth.

"I guess you will have to learn two or three things first," said Yankee, slowly.

"What things?"

"Well, how to use your head, first place, and then how to use your hands. He is too heavy for you. He would crumple you up in a couple of minutes."

"Let him, then," said Ranald, recklessly.

"Rather onpleasant. Better wait awhile till you learn what I told you."

"Yankee," said Ranald, after a pause, "will you show me?"

"Why, sartin sure," said Yankee, cheerfully. "You have got to lick him some day, or he won't be happy; and, by jings! it will be worth seein', too."

By this time Farquhar had come back from saying good-by to Macdonald Dhu and Mr. and Mrs. Murray, who were remaining till the last.

"You will be a man yet," said Farquhar, shaking Ranald's hand. "You have got the patience and the endurance." These were great virtues in Farquhar's opinion.

"Not much patience, I am afraid," said Ranald. "But I am glad you trusted me with your team."

"And any day you want them you can have them," said Farquhar, his reckless mood leading him to forget Kirsty for the moment.

"Thank you, sir," said Ranald, wondering what Kirsty would look like should he ever venture to claim Farquhar's offer.

One by one the teams drove away with their loads, till only the minister and his party were left. Away under the trees Mr. Murray was standing, earnestly talking to Macdonald Dhu. He had found the opportunity he had long waited for and was making the most of it. Mrs. Murray was busy with Kirsty, and Maimie and Hughie came toward the stable where Yankee and Ranald were still standing. As soon as Ranald saw them approaching he said to Yankee, abruptly, "I am going to get the minister's horse," and disappeared into the stable. Nor did he come forth again till he heard his father calling to him: "What is keeping you, Ranald? The minister is waiting for his horse."

"So you won a great victory, Ranald, I hear," said the minister, as Ranald brought Black to the door.

"It was a tie," said Ranald.

"Oh, Ranald!" cried Hughie, "you beat him. Everybody says so. You had your chain hitched up and everything, before Aleck."

"I hear it was a great exhibition, not only of skill, but of endurance and patience, Ranald," said the minister. "And these are noble virtues. It is a great thing to be able to endure."

But Ranald made no reply, busying himself with Black's bridle. Mrs. Murray noticed his gloom and guessed its cause.

"We will see you at the Bible class, Ranald," she said, kindly, but still Ranald remained silent.

"Can you not speak, man?" said his father. "Do you not hear the minister's wife talking to you?"

"Yes," said Ranald, "I will be there."

"We will be glad to see you," said Mrs. Murray, offering him her hand. "And you might come in with Hughie for a few minutes afterwards," she continued, kindly, for she noted the misery in his face.

"And we will be glad to see you too, Mr. Macdonald, if it would not be too much for you, and if you do not scorn a woman's teaching."

"Indeed, I would be proud," said Macdonald Dhu, courteously, "as far as that is concerned, for I hear there are better men than me attending."

"I am sure Mrs. Murray will be glad to see you, Mr. Macdonald," said the minister.

"I will be thinking of it," said Macdonald Dhu, cautiously. "And you are both very kind, whatever," he said, losing for a time his habitual gloom.

"Well, then, I will look for you both," said Mrs. Murray, as they were about to drive off, "so do not disappoint me."

"Good-by, Ranald," said Maimie, offering Ranald her hand.

"Good-by," said Ranald, holding her hand for a moment and looking hard into her eyes, "and I hope you will enjoy your ride, whatever."

Then Maimie understood Ranald's savage manner, and as she thought it over she smiled to herself. She was taking her first sips of that cup, to woman's lips the sweetest, and she found it not unpleasant. She had succeeded in making one man happy and another miserable. But it was when she said to herself, "Poor Ranald!" that she smiled most sweetly.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Master

By Fullerton L. Waldo

CARRUTHERS sat in his study with his chin on his fists gazing into the grate, and shaping images to suit his fancy in the glowing coals. Somebody rapped on the door and entered before he had fairly risen and unlimbered.

"Please, sir," said a small boy, impudently, "the Head wants to see you in his study, sir, and sent me to fetch you, sir."

"You may have four marks for your impertinent manner," said Carruthers, shortly, feeling his face grow warm as he spoke.

"What for, sir?" asked the boy.

"For your impertinent manner," repeated Carruthers.

"Thank you, sir."

"Your marks are doubled," said the master.

The door slammed to—a manifestation of ill temper which it was Carruthers's obvious duty as a master to follow up and punish, but which on this occasion he thought it wiser to ignore. Not too far from the other side of the door to be heard, an indignation meeting sprang into being. This usually happened when the master marked a boy. The more Carruthers pretended to himself that he did not care, the more clearly he heard the conversation.

"Let's go down to Daddy Long-legs with it," came in a vibrant stage-whisper. The nickname was the head master's.

"Carruthers'll be going into the ministry soon," said a second voice. "He can't stay here, that's dead certain."

"Most of them do, sooner or later." The tone of the third voice was calm and judicial, and came from far down in the chest of a very fat boy. The speaker made no effort to whisper, and Carruthers heard all he said. "I think that's what Carruthers is at present contemplating." A drawl always commands attention sooner than more nervous utterance, and all the rest were listening to what the fat boy was saying—they snickered when he said "contemplating." It was a favorite word with Carruthers. "I heard him tell my mother when she came up here with that big birthday cake"—the adroit allusion to the birthday cake was faintly cheered; the fat boy had political ambitions—"and he was trying to make himself interesting, so's he'd be invited to our house next vacation"—Carruthers put "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" back on the shelf unopened, and began to pace up and down the room—"that he was 'engaged in teaching merely as a temporary avocation,' and that he 'didn't intend to *demean* himself by teaching small boys much longer.'"

There was a peculiar irony in this last. How the boy had managed to remember so many words, almost as big as himself, Carruthers could not guess; he had used almost the very language of Carruthers in his monologue to Mrs. Munyon. But the special irony lay in the ascription to Carruthers of the use of the word "demean" in the improper sense. Although it was a word which the normal boy has no occasion to use, Carruthers had once in class spent an earnest quarter of an hour in calling on Mr. Hill's Rhetoric to witness that it is properly used only in an entirely impartial sense; that to demean one's self implies simply to conduct one's self, and that there is in the word no evil connotation.

This was quite the last straw. Carruthers purposely knocked over the fire-irons to prove that he had not been near the door, and came out into the corridor. There was a sudden hush, and the group divided to let him run the gantlet of its dubious respectfulness.

Carruthers walked rapidly through the group and out into the little bare quadrangle that lay between the dormitory and the head master's study. Though he always pretended indifference to it, nothing else in his pedagogical experience hurt him like being sent to Coventry by his youthful charges. He had come from the university the year before swelling with high ideals of standing toward the boys in something of the relation of an elder brother. He had thought it would be easy enough to win at once popularity and respect, if a man showed himself sufficiently large-hearted, was candid and aboveboard, scorning to descend to petty artifice. When he first came among them the boys had told him of a former master who had crept into their rooms after lights with felt slippers and a dark lantern; and he had thanked God he was not as that man. On the very first night he had stood under the gas-jet in the corridor and made a little speech to the heads protruding from between the alcove curtains. He would not "peach" or sneak; he proposed to trust implicitly to their standards of honor, and would believe what they told him against the evidence of his own senses. He wanted them to feel at all times free to come to him, knowing that with him secrets were safe. They must be sure that he was hand in glove with them in their every interest, and that he would do all he could to help them uphold the fair name of the school, whose reputation was as dear to him as to them. He had called them "fellows," and they had cheered him when he ended.

In response to a busy man's "Come in!" Carruthers turned the wabbly handle of the head master's study door and entered. The head master, a tall, pale man, frayed thin by petty worriment, looked up quizzically from behind a white drift of papers.

"Mr. Thatcher," said Carruthers, "you asked for my answer to-day with regard to coming back next year. I had determined to resign, but—something I have recently heard has led me to change my mind."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Aërial Runaway (An): The Balloon Adventures of Rod and Todd in North and South America. By William P. and Charles P. Chipman. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.50.

A cleverly constructed story of the Jules Verne order. The plot takes the runaway balloon to the lost city of the Incas, and at once adventures galore ensue.

Arline Valère. By Joseph Hallworth. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 161 pages. $1.50.

Children's Singing Games Old and New. Revised and Compiled by Mari Ruef Hofer. Published by the Author. 12×9 in. 40 pages. 50c.

Death of the Gods. By Dmitri Mérejkowski. Translated by Herbert French. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 414 pages. $1.50.

In another paragraph we speak of the newly translated Russian novel by Maxim Gorky. In the present book we have the work of another Russian aspirant to fame. Dmitri Mérejkowski is at the literary antipodes from Gorky in personal history, subject treated, and manner of writing. He writes smoothly where the other is rugged, deals with antiquity while Gorky plunges into the midst of Russian contemporary life, and has a philosophic idealism as a basis, while his rival is nothing if not realistic. "The Death of the Gods" is the first of a trilogy of romances, the purpose of which is thus explained by the translator:

> His books are animated by a single master-idea—the Pagano-Christian dualism of our human nature. What specially interests him in the vast spectacle of human affairs is the everlasting contest between the idea of a God-Man and the idea of a Man-God; that is to say, between the conception of a God incarnate for a while (as in Christ) and the conception of Man as himself God—gradually evolving higher types of splendid and ruling character which draw after them the generations. The novelist's own doctrine seems to be that both the pagan and the Christian elements in our nature, although distinct elements, are equally legitimate and sacred. His teaching is that the soul and the senses have an equal right to be respected; that hedonism and altruism are equals, and that the really full man, the perfect man, is he who can ally in harmonious equilibrium the cult of Dionysus and the cult of Christ. Mérejkowski conceives that European civilization has been born of the tremendous conflict between these two main ideas.

This rather formidable explanation should not deter non-metaphysical persons from reading the book, for in it they will find a brilliant and often dramatic narrative, with incident and character in abundance. The leading figure is Julian the Apostate, and the leading theme his vain attempt to turn the tide of Christianity back into the worn-out channels of Greek paganism. Thus there is a similarity between the general subject of the book and that of Kingsley's "Hypatia," and certain scenes and aspects of the story may also suggest a comparison with "Quo Vadis." The novel is certainly not one for hasty reading, nor should it be taken up to while away an idle hour on the railway; but those who look for serious intention and thorough work in fiction will find here a book worthy of careful attention. The translation is notably good, so far as may be judged by a reader who can consider only the effect in English style.

Forma Gordyeeff. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel Florence Hapgood. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 448 pages. $1.

This is a novel of Russian life by the young writer who has attained an immense popularity in Russia and has even been hailed by some critics as a successor to Tolstoï. The personal career of Gorky has been unusual and remarkable. He began his life's work as an orphan apprentice to a shoemaker, and has been in turn a cook's boy on ship, a laborer, a peddler, a railway watchman, a secretary, and an author. We shall speak at some length at a later date both about the author and the book; we need only say now that this novel shows marked, even extraordinary, power, but is disfigured by single scenes of a disagreeably realistic and repellent kind, while its main *motif*—the study of a man bound down by coarse and brutal inherited traits, but dumbly striving to find out what life means and why injustice and inequality prevail—is finely conceived but not always clearly and strongly worked out. The story, as a piece of story-telling, lacks proportion and skill in construction; its strength lies in the portraits of typical Russian characters of the mercantile and peasant classes.

Holy Bible (The): Containing the Old and New Testaments Translated out of the Original Tongues. Being the Version Set Forth A.D. 1611, Compared with the Most Ancient Authorities and Revised A.D. 1881-1885. Newly Edited by the American Revision Committee, A.D. 1901. Standard Edition. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 7×9 in. 1,304 pages. Editions are published at prices from $1.50 to $9.

With the publication of this long-desired volume the gratuitous labor of nearly thirty years reaches its ripe result. That the standard edition of the revision of the English Bible, initiated by the Church of England in 1870, has been produced by American scholars will naturally be gratifying to all our countrymen. Soon after the publication of the Revised Version in 1885 the British Revision companies disbanded. The American Revisers continued their organization, thinking that an American recension of the work might some time be required. The judgment of scholars in both countries has since been given in general preference of the American readings and renderings that differed from the British and had been recorded in the Appendix to each Testament. It became, therefore, desirable to put forth an edition embodying these in the text. Such an edition, professing to be the American version, was published in England two or three years ago, and, as such, has been somewhat circulated in this country. But the present volume has many marked differences from that. The Appendix itself has received extensive amendment. It had been prepared in haste, under the pressure of an impatient demand from England for immediate publication. Furthermore, with a view to facilitating its ultimate acceptance by the English Presses, it had been reduced to the lowest limits, omitting many points that seemed to have some importance. To correct the errors and supplement the defects cccasioned thus has required much time and labor. A variety of other changes has also been made; many of them by return to the readings of the Authorized Version, many others for euphemism, still others for the sake of English idiom, and others in paragraph division and punctuation, with others not needful to specify here. Among changes that strike the eye are the addition of references to parallel and illustrative Biblical passages, and of page-headings indicating the nature of the subject matter. Other such changes occur in the title-page of the New Testament, and in the titles of some of its books. The unity of the fourfold Gospel is expressed by using "Gospel" as a title prefixed to the four severally designated as "according to Matthew," etc. The title-page of the Testament reads thus: "The New Covenant [in smaller type] commonly called The New Testament [in larger type] of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The inherent signification and primitive use of the terms "Gospel" and "Testament" are thus exhibited. While the American Revisers have used full freedom from their former auxiliary relation to their British brethren, they have maintained the connection between their own edition and its predecessor by placing in an Appendix to each Testament the British readings and renderings that differ from the American. They have now the satisfaction of saying with entire truth: "The present volume, it is believed, will, on the one hand, bring a plain reader more closely into contact with the exact thought of the sacred writers than any version now current in Christendom, and, on the other hand, prove itself especially serviceable to students of the Word." One can hardly doubt that they will have the further satisfaction of realizing that so great a service is justly appreciated in the American churches.

How They Succeeded: Life Stories of Successful Men Told by Themselves. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 365 pages. $1.50.

This book is made up from sketches of the work of eminent men and women. These sketches have appeared in the magazine "Success," and are now compiled in book form.

Pauline. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 365 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Alden has in this story portrayed the complications that may arise out of false information and too hasty action on a proud woman's part. The story has a moral purpose. It depicts the experiences of a young woman who left her husband on their wedding day—believing him false because of misinformation supplied by another woman—and the trials she surmounted before she discovered the truth and was again restored to him.

Rabbi's Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play (A). Being a Series of Six Lectures by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D.D. Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 226 pages.

Dr. Krauskopf thinks that nothing tends more than the Passion Play to root and to spread an anti-Jewish prejudice. He holds that the Jews were guiltless of Jesus' death; that Jesus had rashly committed treason against Cæsar by his regal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and to secure his followers from vengeance had surrendered himself to punishment; that the story of the antipathy of scribes and Pharisees to Jesus, and of its murderous issue, was fabricated a century or two after the crucifixion, to make it more easy to propagate his religion among the Gentiles. This theory is sufficiently ingenious, but documentary evidence lends it no favor. So far from its being true that no one, so long as the Apostles lived, could have inculpated the Jews with their Master's murder, Paul directly charges them with it (1 Thessalonians ii., 15), though a man of tender patriotic feeling (Romans ix., 2, 3). One must, however, agree with Dr. Krauskopf that it is unlike the spirit of Christ to keep on re-enacting atrocious scenes the natural tendency of which is to perpetuate unchristian prejudices.

Secrets of the Woods. By William J. Long. (Wood Folk Series. Book III.) Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 185 pages.

A charming little book for young readers. One of those simply told nature studies dealing with squirrels, wood-mice, familiar birds, and other animals, which reveal on every page the author's familiarity with the life he discloses. Mr. Long hints that the reason why people see so little in the woods is due to the way they go through them. His book suggests the true way, and shows that woodland folk are quite as curious about man as man is about them.

Tales of the Cloister. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 253 pages. $1.15, net.

Miss Jordan has here touched a phase of life about which most people know nothing—the cloistered existence of the present-day American nun. The subject is, no doubt, a difficult one to handle, especially where the author halts from giving full play to imagination. Miss Jordan's work suggests this sort of restraint. It is careful and delicately etched, yet leaves much to be inferred. The ten short stories are sketches rather than stories proper, pen portraits rather than dramatic episodes. They reveal much sympathy and still deeper respect for the life depicted; yet the sympathy is imbued with a quality of humor such as might be brought to bear upon a study of the unconscious action of children—humor which a woman of worldly experience may naturally throw around the lives of women too simple and circumscribed in their self-immolation to know how much of their old selves still lurks behind crucifix and cowl. Herself a pupil inmate of a convent for years, and holding a lifelong friendship with nuns—to one of whom she dedicates her book—we can easily appreciate the restraint which seems at times to hold the author's hand.

Tolstoy and His Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude. A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×8 in. 332 pages. $1.50.

This book contains an explanatory preface, a very readable sketch of the life of Count Leo Tolstoï, and ten essays made up from talks which the author has held with him at various times. For one who desires to obtain a clear, concise, and intelligent insight into the life of the man Tolstoï, his published works and his personal views on many matters, this book may be safely recommended. The author delivers Tolstoï's own words, together with his own opinions on the time and circumstances attending their utterance, in the clearest and most dispassionate manner. We here obtain information on Tolstoï's wide acquaintance with all the prominent men of both England and America. We may see what he thinks of Emerson, Thoreau, Garrison, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Harriet Beecher Stowe, etc. We see what he thinks of Matthew Arnold as a critic, and how highly he rates the moral-religious note in his work; and also how deep is his gratitude to Arnold and Mr. Howells for having introduced his work to England and America. Tolstoï's regard for Henry George also makes interesting reading.

Under the Allied Flags. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.25.

This cannot fail to prove one of the most popular stories in the "Young Defender Series," dealing as it does with the Boxer uprising in China, the adventures of an American boy in Admiral Seymour's command and of an English lad under that of Sir Robert Hart. These two boys, Ned Pevear and Tom Dickson, respectively, meet and form a friendship. The American lad is materially aided in his escapades by an Americanized Chinaman, Wong Lee, who happens to be in China, and who desires to see his native country take on American civilization. It is a story to please and interest the boys.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Will you kindly give to one of your most appreciative readers your "literary reasons" for accepting the "Sermon on the Mount" as a single, continuous utterance to the end of Matthew vii.?

L.

The structure of the Sermon on the Mount possesses a unity which is vital, and so vital as to indicate that it belonged to the original composition. It is in this respect wholly unlike the Proverbs, for example. It consists of six parts: I. Happiness depends upon character. II. Character must be inherent, consisting in the motives and substructure of the soul. III. Artificial virtue dependent upon the praise of men is not such character as carries true happiness with it, though it has its reward. IV. The secret of character is entire consecration to God in undivided service. V. To one who thus gives himself to God, God gives as a free gift the eternal life, which is character. VI. The one condition of receiving it is obedience to God. That some aphorisms taken from other discourses of Christ have been added, perhaps by Matthew, which a modern writer would put in foot-notes as illustrative of the discourse, appears to be probable. That the discourse, as a whole, is a collection of various sayings put together by Matthew appears to us wholly inconsistent with the unity of the discourse as Matthew has reported it.

May I ask for your views as to the future condition and final destiny of all persons not reconciled to Christ? Does the Bible really teach their final, inevitable, and endless suffering? And would such an awful doom be in accordance with the spirit of that really benevolent being "whose nature and whose name is *love*"? A few words from you on this point would, I think, be very acceptable to your many readers.

G. W. S.

The Outlook does not accept the doctrine of an endless sin and misery, but finds reason to hope that redeeming agencies operate hereafter as well as here. An irreligious and selfish life carries into the next world an incapacity for blessedness and material for remorse which the Bible fitly represents by images of privation and pain. That the experience of such retribution operates in every case toward conversion, the restoration of atrophied moral power, and the recovery of spiritual life, seems very doubtful. While it is matter of conjecture what is the ultimate issue for an incorrigible soul, a reasonable belief is that it is the extinction of personal being.

I read with much interest your article in your issue of August 24 on Self-Enforced Arbitration. You say that in New Zealand "the workingman can come back to work and the employer can reopen his factory during the life of an award," etc. This *may* do in New Zealand, but in the United States of America, where a written Constitution prevails, and under the Fourteenth Amendment no person can be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, no court could be invested with power to make such an award. See the work entitled "Guthrie on the Fourteenth Amendment," or ask any lawyer of standing at the New York bar.

E. K.

It would be a question for the courts to decide whether the Fourteenth Amendment, designed to protect the rights of freedmen, could be construed to prevent a State from regulating the conditions under which an owner must use his property.

In a review of Rhodes's "History of the United States" you mention Professor Fiske's books as the first of "three works, practically consecutive, which cover our entire history in a manner eminently satisfactory." What are the titles of those books of Mr. Fiske which cover this first period in our historical development?

C. W. C.

"The Discovery of America," "The Beginnings of New England," "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies," "The American Revolution," "The Critical Period."

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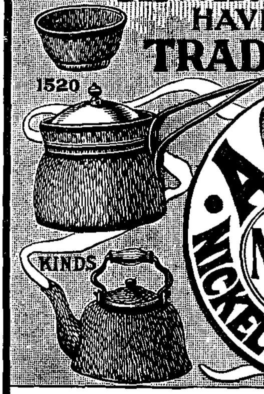

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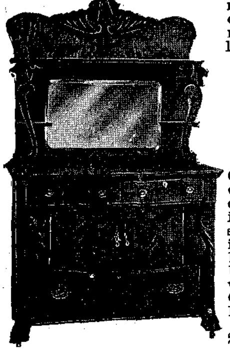

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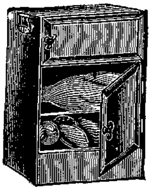

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